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SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.

'A strong poetical taste, and a passion for traditionary and mythical lore, pervaded the northern race. The order of Skalds or poets, was the immediate depository of the national traditions. They were the friends and confidential advisers of the kings and earls. They were entertained at court in time of peace, and in battle were stationed where they could witness the exploits which they were to commemorate. The Skalds were men of the world. Warriors, rovers, chieftains, they mingled in the stir of life; they were trained in the open air of the mountains and the vales, and amidst the wild creations of arctic nature. After the convulsions of continental Scandinavia, Iceland was their favorite seat, the home of stout-hearted refugees, who made this poor frozen rock the abode of traditionary lore and song. Nature, with a kind of caprice, in re-producing in the polar circle an Ausonian age, associated with it the romantic features of a Campanian region. Volcanoes flamed up from eternal glaciers, and fountains of boiling water spouted from snow-clad craters.'

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

In the first number of the article on Scandinavian Literature and Antiquities, the origin of the Scandinavian people was traced, and some of the prominent events in their history related. Mention was also made of the sources of their literature, and the manner in which it has been preserved. In concluding the subject, it will be necessary to speak of the contents of their historical manuscripts, and of the works recently published by the society formed for the express purpose of elucidating and making known the ancient literature of the North. So much of this is connected with their mythology, that it is extremely difficult to comprehend, and to separate truth from fiction. If there were no other analogy between the Gothic nations and the older nations of Asia, their mythological systems would be sufficient to prove their identity. The Gaëlic language, which is now acknowledged to be of great antiquity, and if not the same as the ancient Celtic, is not very far removed from it, has been proved by an eminent Scottish philologist, Dr. Jamieson,* to have a very great affinity to the languages of the North; thus showing the intimate connexion between the Celtic or primitive people of Europe, and the Scandinavians. It is worthy of record, that the northern Sagas make mention of several eclipses which occurred in the ninth and tenth centuries.† These have been calculated by Sir David Brewster, and the Norwegian astronomer, Hansteen, and found correct. In this way the truth of many historical events, and the precise period of their occurrence, have been corroborated. There is no better method of testing the correctness of the ancient historians of any country, than by investigating the astronomical

* JAMIESON'S Scottish Dictionary.

† Introduction to the Report of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.

phenomena recorded by them. An eclipse of the sun or moon, or the appearance of a comet, were regarded by them as omens, and generally decided their projected invasions, or a mere voyage by sea. Exerting, thus, so great an influence upon their actions, we find that the Scandinavians, in common with other nations of antiquity, did not fail to record their celestial phenomena.

The most ancient Icelandic literature, is that comprised in the *Old Edda*, which consists of Icelandic poems, collected by Samund Sigfusson, a learned clergyman of the Island, and Are Frode, an eminent historian of the eleventh century. This collection was either concealed, and subsequently forgotten, or was lost in Iceland, for four hundred years, when the remains of it were again brought to light by Bishop Brynjolf Svensen, in 1643, from which period it has been more or less studied; portions of it having been translated into Danish and Latin, and published.

The first class of the elder Edda is mystical. It includes the *Volu-Spa*, the oracle or prophecy of Vala, which exhibits the mythological system of the Edda, in a very dark, mysterious, and often unintelligible style, resembling the Sibylline verses. Another poem of the same class, is the *Grougaldor*, or Groa's Magic Song, which contains a collection of magical terms, supposed to be useful in every sort of peril, and other exigencies of human life. Magic and witchcraft appear to have been regarded by the Northmen as essential attributes of the priestly class, who inherited them from Odin. The women, like the witches of New-England, were conspicuous characters in practising mysterious rites. A third poem of the mystical class is the *Solar Ljod*, or Song of the Sun. It relates to the doctrine of a future life, and the dwellings and occupations of departed souls. The second class of the elder Edda is called Mythio-didactic; this comprises a dramatic dialogue between Odin, the father of the northern gods, and Vafthrunder, a genii, celebrated for his craft and valor. Odin, in the disguise of a mortal, visits the latter, and claims his hospitality. They engage in a dispute upon the mysteries of sacred science, with the condition, that the losing party should forfeit his head! Their subjects are the origin of the earth and heavens; whence proceed day and night, winter and summer; the creation of the human race, the condition of departed spirits, the occupations of departed heroes, etc., etc.*

Preserving his incognito, Odin, who had assumed the name of Gagnrader, at length asks the Genius 'what are the words which Odin whispered in the ear of his son, Balder, when the latter was placed upon his funeral pile.' At this the astonished Genius recognises Odin, and acknowledges himself vanquished, saying, 'No mortal man those words can know, which thou whisperedst in the ear of thy son, at the Beginning of Ages. I read my doom, written in magic characters, and decreed by the celestial fates, for having dared to encounter the all-wise Odin in sacred controversy.'

The next poem in this class is *Grimnis-mal*, or the Song of Grimner, which contains a description of the habitations of the celestial deities. Other poems contain a variety of matter, some of

* WHEATON'S, History of the Northmen, p. 65, *et seq.*

which is very dark and obscure; genealogies of the ancient kings of the North, etc. The *Hava-mal*, or sublime discourse of Odin, contains a metrical collection of moral precepts, not unlike the Proverbs of Solomon, and is valuable as a record of ancient manners and customs. Many of them deserve a place among the popular maxims of the present day, and a more extensive dissemination than they get, enveloped, as they now are, in a cloud of mysterious tales and ballads. The following may be quoted :

‘Mock not the stranger guest, for thou knowest not who he may be.’

‘A secret can only be safely kept by a single person, not by two; what three men know, is no longer a secret.’

‘I have never found a man so liberal and so magnificent, that he disdained to receive gifts.’

‘Riches pass in the twinkling of an eye; the most inconstant friends are they.’

‘Once I was young; I went alone, and lost my way; but when I found a companion, I seemed to be rich; for man is the joy of man. The tree which stands alone in the field puts not forth; so it is with him whom no one loves: why should he longer live?’*

The mythological class of poems relate various adventures of their deities, which a knowledge of their mythology renders necessary for a proper understanding of them: a portion of these has been translated into English, by Herbert, and may be found in his Icelandic poetry.† In the *Vegtams-guida*, Odin is represented as mounting his horse and descending into the infernal regions to invoke the spirit of a deceased *Vala*, or prophetess, to compel her to make known future events, of which the gods were in doubt. A good idea of the wild character of their poetry may be formed from the annexed translation, by the Hon. Mr. Spencer:

‘The dog he met from hell advancing;
His adverse breast with blood was clotted,
His jaws for combat keenly grinning;
Fierce he bay’d the spell’s dread father,
Oped his huge throat, and howl’d long after.
On rode Odin; the deep earth sounded;
He reached the lofty house of Hela;
Ugger rode to the eastern portals,
There he knew was the tomb of Vala.
Strange verse he sung, the slain enchanting,
Traced mystic letters, northward looking.’‡

A part of the poems of this class, where allusions are made to the peculiar situation of the people of the North, to the snow-clad mountains and frozen regions, must be attributed to the Skalds. There are others, however, which give evidence of a more remote antiquity, and are undoubtedly of Asiatic origin. ‘They may even be regarded,’ says Wheaton, ‘as exhibiting traces of a purer religious dispensation, the light of which once shone on the primitive inhabitants of the

* The same thought, expressed in the same manner, is found in the Sanscript poem called *Maha Barata*.

† Poetry from the Icelandic, etc., by WM. HERBERT. 2 vols. 8vo., London.

‡ Miscellaneous Poetry, vol. 1. p. 50.

earth, but which has since been obscured by the dark clouds of superstition.*

The mystic-historical lays are diversified in their subjects, sometimes blended with their mythological personages, and at others having the appearance of authentic history. Attila and his Huns, as well as other distinguished commanders and their people, have a place in these poems.

The lays of the Anglo-Saxons and of the people of the North, are constructed according to the same metrical rules, with alliterative verse, and employ the same poetical language.† The poems of the Edda elucidate many of the obscure passages and phrases that occur in the lays of the Anglo-Saxons, and the latter are equally useful in explaining the relics of old northern poetry. It is a singular circumstance, and worthy of mention, that many of the Icelandic legal terms and phrases, give the best explanation of obscure terms still in use in English law. This may be accounted for by the fact, that the ancient law was, with the language, preserved in Iceland, where it is still, to a certain extent, the law of the land.

The younger or prose Edda, is ascribed to Snorre Sturleson, lag-man of Iceland, and Server of King Haco. He was the most eminent historian of the North, and died in 1241. From the collection before referred to, and other songs, written and traditionary, he arranged and composed, what is known as the *Younger Edda*, a system and *cyclos* of those songs, showing the versification and grammatical structure of the language. Like the *Elder Edda*, the wild mythology of the North constitutes its principal feature; a mythology as fanciful as that of Greece or Rome, and in which may be traced a connection with that of Persia and Hindostan. 'The story of the characters and achievements of the gods is introduced by a fiction, relating how Glyfs, King of *Svithjod*, (Sweden,) a famous magician, undertook a journey to the *Aesers*, (gods,) to learn from their own mouths their nature and laws. He received from the eldest of the gods an account of the beginning of the world, the primitive Ymir, and the sons of Bor, the origin of men, the giant Niorwi, the creation of the sun and moon, the celestial bridge of Bifrost, the holy places of the gods, the origin of wind, of summer and winter, and finally of all the gods, and their mysterious history.‡ The second part of the Edda treats of the names of the gods, and of all the synonyms and circumlocutions admissible in poetry, in alphabetical order. The third part contains the rules for one hundred different kinds of verse, and is entitled *Hattatal, clavis metrica*. The alliterative verse, in which the metrical system abounds, presents a striking analogy with that of the eastern nations, particularly the Hebrew. The most recent publication on the subject is a commentary on the collective songs of the Edda by Finn Magnusen, an eminent antiquarian, and Vice President of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.§

* History of the Northmen, p. 81.

† CONYBEARE'S Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, p. 39.

‡ Ency. Am. vol. 11, Art. Scandinavian Literature.

§ *Den ældre Edda*, (the Elder Edda,) 1821-23, in 4 vols., Copenhagen.

The same author has recently given us a specimen of Eddaic English, addressed to an individual who had manifested great interest in promoting northern literature. The occasion it may be well to name, as similar acts of liberality are rare. Mr. John Heath, an English gentleman residing at Copenhagen, from a desire to make known to the people of Iceland the most noble poem of which the English language can boast, printed, at his own expense, the masterly Icelandic translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, by John Thorlakson, a poet with whose name we are familiar, by the honorable mention of him in Henderson's *Iceland*. This translation is in the same poetical measure as the Edda, and is marked by the alliterative character which distinguishes the poetry of the North. It was presented by Mr. Heath to the Icelandic Society, which, in return, voted him their thanks in a poem, adapted to the same metre as that of Thorlakson, with an English translation. The original, and translation, were written by Finn Magnussen. The following extract will give a correct idea of the character of Scandinavian poetry, written by an Icelanders, in imitation of the Edda :

'Bodily sights,
Baleful darkness,
Sharpeneth the eyes
Of shining soul;
The Genius saw
God on his throne,
He saw what we
But see in picture.

'Angels, demons
And their strife,
Heaven and hell,
Honor and shame,
Earth's creation,
Eden's bliss,
First of men,
Fallen, redeemed.

'Milton sang
This matchless chaunt,
Praise of God
And Paradise,
Mundane Epos,
Tale of man;
Not with suns
The song expires.

'Grateful world
Give him thanks,
Loves his lay,
And bids it sound
In all tongues
Of Europe's sons.
Lo! 'tis heard
In Iceland-Thule.'

One of the most curious works connected with this subject, is one of which a translation first appeared in Copenhagen in 1768, entitled, *Konungs Skuggsia*. The original was composed and written in Iceland between 1185 and 1202, during the reign of King Sverrer; probably by his command, or under his auspices. The author is supposed to have been an individual who had filled some office at court. The volume is in the form of a dialogue between himself and his sons, in which he instructs them in the following topics: The manner of life and usages of merchants; decorous and prudent conduct of seamen and men of business; necessity of arithmetic, astronomy, knowledge of sea currents, of the daily progress of the sun, and the common course of winds in the different seasons; information respecting Iceland; authentic accounts of Greenland; accounts of the whale fish in the northern seas; the usages at court; description of weapons of war. Also, observations on the fine arts, on virtues and accomplishments, on religion, justice, and the science of government. The advice here given, if listened to by the class to which it is addressed, might be productive of good results.

'When thy capital amounts to a considerable sum, divide it into

three parts. Invest one third with honest and able merchants, who abide in the best trading places; the other two thirds divide in different places, and employ in commercial journeys, for thus it is not likely that in any case all thy fortune should be sacrificed. But if thou hast amassed very large stores of wealth, then employ two thirds of it in the purchase of land, the safest of all possessions, both for thyself and thy family; and thus, if it please thee, thou canst employ the other third in thy wonted trade; but when thou art satisfied, when thou hast seen the manners of foreign lands, and undertaken many voyages and trading journeys, thou mayest withdraw. Yet remember all thou hast seen, both of good and evil; the evil that thou mayest avoid it; the good, to profit by it, not alone for thy own benefit, but for the benefit of all who will be counselled by thee.'

The Sagas, which embrace the larger part of Northern literature, consist of separate manuscripts on parchment, written and composed by the historians of the country. Before the introduction of Roman letters, the most ancient were preserved in oral tradition, and have since been reduced to writing. A Saga is, properly speaking, a history, and contains the history of the most celebrated personages, whether a king or subordinate chieftain, written in a style of antique simplicity, and interspersed with metrical passages, to aid the memory of the reciter. The greater part of the Sagas were written in Iceland, while that remote spot was the seat of learning. The peculiar circumstances in which its inhabitants were placed, as it were shut out from the rest of the world, led them to protect and cultivate the germs of literature which their original colonists took with them from the continent. The propagation of Christianity was another incentive to cultivate letters, and preserve, in a historical form, the most prominent events of their history. The Sagas are divided into four classes, as has been before mentioned; and being chiefly in the Icelandic language, have not, until recently, received the attention they merited; many of them have only been discovered during the last century, since which time they have been but partially examined. From the extensive field for antiquarian and historical research, which is about to be spread before the world, the limits of a single article will only permit of speaking of the more recent discoveries. The light which the Sagas are enabled to throw on the early history of Great Britain and Ireland, render them of great value, as they prove the connexion that existed between those islands and the countries of the North, and point to the latter as the source whence Ireland received a portion of its earliest population. The predatory inroads of the Northmen on the British and Irish coasts, commenced at a very early period, and resulted in the permanent settlement of parts of those countries, and the founding of independent kingdoms. The names of the principal geographical divisions of Ireland are partly of northern origin; the Irish names being *Laighean*, *Munhain*, *Ulladh*; to which add the northern word *stadr*, or *ster*, (place,) and we have *Leinster*, *Munster*, and *Ulster*.* Other districts and

* *Ster*, or *star*, presents a close analogy with the Hindu word *stan*, (place,) the latter being applied in the same way as in *Hindu-stan*, *Afgani-stan*, *Rajah-stan*—meaning the place of the Hindus, etc.

towns in Ireland, many of the latter of which are still known, are alluded to in the Icelandic Sagas: *Kunnaktir*, or Connaught; *Dyflin*, or Dublin; *Hlimrek*, or Limerick; *Vedrafjord*, or Waterford, etc.

The Irish accounts of the coming of the Eastmen to their country, go as far back as the year 795. In the reign of King Nial III., about the year 836, they relate that Turgesius, King of Norway, came, with a considerable fleet, and succeeded in fixing himself permanently on the island.* After his death, three of his brothers came, whose names are given in the Irish annals, which personages have been identified by their names in the Icelandic Sagas,† making due allowance for the change of pronunciation in the two countries, a circumstance of great importance, as it tests the truth of both. The accounts of several voyages and expeditions to Ireland subsequent to this period, are given at length in the Icelandic Sagas. Kormak Saga states, that King Harald Grafeld went there in person, and fought a battle. During the reign of the same monarch, one Hoskuld bought, at a fair held at Brenneyiar, in Halland, a daughter of the Irish King Myrkiartan, named Melkorka, who must have been taken there from Ireland a captive to some vi-king. He took her to Iceland, and had by her a son named Olaf Pa, who was taught the Irish language by his mother, and at her desire made a visit to her father, King Myrkiartan, in Ireland. A circumstantial account of his voyage there is given in the Laxdela Saga. Another interesting narrative is that of a celebrated Icelandic Skald, Gunnlaug Ormstunga, who visited King Ethelred, in England, in the year 1006, and the year following crossed over to Dublin, thence to the Orkneys, then under the dominion of the Jarl Sigurd Lödverson. He states that the language spoken by the people of England, Denmark, and Norway, was the same, but that in Ireland it was different. In the account of Olaf Pa, above referred to, it is stated that he, being taught the Irish language by his mother, was able to converse with the natives; the merchants of Iceland, on the contrary, could only by the aid of an interpreter.

About this period, (1014,) a remarkable battle was fought near Clontarf, in Ireland, which the northern records call the battle of Brian, from King Brian, who was the cause, and one of the heroes, of, the battle. A remarkable poem, to celebrate this battle, is preserved among the Icelandic manuscripts, and is thus given: 'It happened that a certain man named Darrud, who was walking in Caithness, in Scotland, saw suddenly twelve persons on horseback, who rode together to a lonely house, where they disappeared. Curious to know more concerning them, he followed thither, and, looking through a hole in the wall, perceived that they were women, and that they had set up a loom within the house, and made other preparations for weaving. These preparations were, however, of an unusual and appalling nature; for human heads, he saw, were used by them for weights, and human entrails for warp and woof; a sword

* O'HALLORAN'S History of Ireland, vol. 2, p. 158.

† Exposition of the oldest Icelandic and Norwegian Accounts of Ireland, p. 6, in the Annals and Memoirs of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.

served the purpose of a lathe, and arrows of shuttles. The bel-dames, meanwhile, began their work, chaunting, as they proceeded with it, the following song :

Wide is expanded
Omen of slaughter,
The cloud of the loom.*
It raineth blood.
Now, dart-portending,†
Of warriors: the gray
Tissue is spread;
And the friends of battle‡
Fill it up with
A livid woof.
The web is made
Of the entrails of men;
Skulls are the weights
That keep it tense.
Blood-dripping spears
Form the loom.
Iron-bound is the frame,
Darts are our shuttles,
Firm beat we our swords
The web of victory.
Hildais at the weaving,
And Hiorthrimul,
Sangrid and Svipul,
With naked swords.
Shafts shall clatter,
Shields shall be broken,
The helm-cleaver§ shall
Clash on the casque.
Weave we, weave we
The web of war;
The war that awaiteth
Yon youthful king.
Forth speed we soon,
And mix in the throng,
There where our friends
Share the combat.
Weave we, weave we
The web of war;
Then forth and wait
Upon the king.
Men shall behold
Eusanguined shields
Where Gunna and Gündul
Follow the king.

Weave we, weave we
The web of war.
Where through carnage
Valky-rier wade,
Let us not be
Sparing of life.
To us belongs
To choose who shall fall.
They now shall rule
Over the land,
Who erst were dwellers
On the barren coast.
The mighty king
I doom to die;
The jarl to be laid
Low by the sword.
Ireland shall suffer
A dire distress,
Which never shall
Pass out of mind.
The web is woven;
The field is cleared;
Far and wide flee
The weak remnant of men.
Terrible it is
Now to look round:
A sanguine cloud
The heavens o'erspreads;
The air is stained
With the blood of men,
What time our prophecy
Goes into fulfilment.
We sing good fortune
To yon youthful king;
A cloud of captives
We glad presage.
Let him who listeneth
The numbers note,
And through the land
The tidings spread.
Mount we our steeds!
Quick let us hie,
With naked swords,
Hence, hence away!

Upon this they tore the web asunder, each retaining the piece she held in her hand. Darad now withdrew from the opening where he had been standing, and returned home; but the women mounted their horses, and galloped off, six to the south, and six to the north.¶

Another narrative, still more interesting, is found in the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, a short account of which is given in the work last quoted. During the reign of the King Saint-Olaf, (about 1028,) an Icelander named Gudleif, sailed on a commercial expedition for Iceland. From the western coast of this Island he was driven by a tempest far out to sea in the direction of south-west, and came to a country whose inhabitants spoke a language which he and his people did

* The warp.

† i. e. portending battle.

‡ They who chaunt the dirge.

§ The sword.

¶ Exposition of the oldest Icelandic accounts of Ireland, p. 10, published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians.

not understand. They fell in with a man there, who conversed with them in Icelandic, and who, on their departure, sent a message by them to his native country. In this narrative, no name whatever is assigned the land in question; but in another, it is related, that the Iclander, Ari Marsson, was, (about 982,) in the course of a sea voyage, driven to *Hvitramannaland*, (the white men's land,) or, as it is called by others, Great Ireland, (*Ireland hit mikla*,) which land is described as situate in the ocean, toward the west, near *Vinland hit go da*. Ari, the legend goes on to state, was baptized and remained there, and the whole account of his adventure was obtained from one Rafn, surnamed Hlimreksfari, from his trading to Limerick in Ireland.

These accounts perfectly harmonize with the accounts of the early voyages made by the Irish, and tend to prove that either some large island, or the continent of America, was known to the Irish, at the time the celebrated Prince Madoc, of Wales, undertook his expedition to unknown lands, which, it is said, resulted in the discovery of America.

The most important information which the investigation of the Saga manuscripts has made known, is that relating to America. The work announced three or four years since by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of Copenhagen, has just appeared, and reflects great credit on the society, both for the beautiful style in which it is got up, and for the valuable historical matter which it contains. The limits of this article will not admit of a particular synopsis of the contents of this work. The following Sagas appear at length in it, and sundry extracts from ancient Danish manuscripts :

'First the historical accounts of Erik the Red, and the Greenlanders, extracted — and now for the first time accurately published — from the celebrated Codex Flateyensis, particularly concerning BIARNE HERIULFSON'S and LEIF ERICSON'S first discovery of the American Islands and Coasts, and the several voyages thither, performed by Leif's brothers and sister. Next the Saga of THORFINN THORSDON surnamed KARLSEFNE, descended from Irish, Scottish, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish Ancestors, chiefly taken from two ancient MSS. never before edited, and in fact not previously known to the Literati, the one of which is supposed to be partly a genuine autograph of the celebrated Hauk Erlendson, Lawman of Iceland, well known as a compiler of one of the Recensions of the Landnama-book. This very remarkable Saga contains detailed accounts of Thorfinn Karlsefne's and his company's three years voyages and residence in America, whereby an entirely new light is diffused over this subject hitherto so little known. The only knowledge that Torfæus had of this Saga, which he imagined to be lost, was derived from some corrupted extracts of it contained in the collection of materials for the history of ancient Greenland left by the Iceland Farmer Biörn Johnson of Skardso. It is now for the first time submitted to the literary world in a complete form. The work here announced, moreover, contains every thing else that the Society has been able to collect and discover relating to that knowledge of the New World which our forefathers obtained from the early discoveries and researches of the Northmen. Among these we may mention, 1. Adam of Bremen's accounts of VINELAND (in America) written in the eleventh century, being in fact communicated to him by the Danish King Sweyn Estrilsson, and compiled from authentic accounts furnished to him by Danes, and now for the first time published from the excellent Codex in the Imperial Library at Vienna, of which a Fac simile has been transmitted to the Society by the Chief of the Library, Count Dietrichstein. 2. Are Frode's account of Vineland, written in the same or in the following century; and also 3, of the eminent Icelandic chief ARE MARSON, one of his own ancestors, who in the year 983 was driven to a part of America situate near Vineland, then called HVITRAMANNALAND or GREAT IRELAND, whose inhabitants (of Irish origin) prevented him from returning, but at the same time treated him with great respect. 4. Other ancient accounts respecting the Icelandic hero BIÖRN ASBRANDSON, in his day one of the Iomsburg Warriors under Palnatoke, and fighting along with them in the battle of Fyrisval in Sweden: he also, in the year 999, repaired to one of the coasts of America, where he was detained in the same manner, but resided there

as chief over the natives for about 30 years. 5. Account of an Icelandic mariner, GUDLEIF GUDLAUGSON, who was driven to the same coast in the year 1027, and who was rescued from death or captivity by his above mentioned countryman. 6. Extracts from the *Annals of Iceland* of the middle ages, in so far as they relate to America, particularly BISHOP EIRIC's voyage to Vineland in 1121; the discovery of new countries by the Icelanders in the Western Ocean in 1285; an expedition from Norway and Iceland in the year 1288-90; and also a trading voyage from the ancient colony in Greenland to MARKLAND in America in 1347, as recorded by coteremporaries. 7. Ancient accounts of the most northern districts of Greenland and America, chiefly visited by the Northmen for the purpose of hunting and fishing; among these a very remarkable account (from a letter of a Greenland clergyman) of a VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY undertaken by some clergymen from the Bishopric of Gardar in Greenland, in the year 1266, being — as is corroborated by an astronomical observation — THROUGH LANCASTER SOUND AND BARROW'S STRAIT to regions which in our days have for the first time been made correctly known through the zealous exertions of Sir William Parry, Sir John Ross, and Capt. James Clark Ross, and other British navigators. 8. Extracts from the ancient geographical works of the Icelanders, to which is added an outline taken in the 13th century, representing the earth in four inhabited quarters. 9. An ancient Faröish Öväji wherein Vineland is named, and allusion is made to its connexion with Ireland.*

There is another class of antiquities, to which allusion has been made, which are of great importance in elucidating the history of the North. They are to the Scandinavian people, what the monumental inscriptions of Egypt and Greece are, in investigating their history. No architectural remains exist, like those of the latter countries, nor do their rude sculptures denote any proficiency in this branch of art. Like the people by whom they were executed, they are marked with the rudeness in their execution which characterizes their works. In archaeology, they are denominated 'Runes,' and consist of rocks sculptured with ancient Runic letters, recording important events which have transpired in the countries where they are formed. 'Runes' are common throughout the North of Europe, and have also been found in Asiatic Russia, Siberia, and Tartary. In many instances, rude obelisks, from ten to twenty feet in height, are found with inscriptions, and in others, smooth or natural-faced rocks on the banks of rivers, or on prominent points in the interior. In America, and particularly in the northern states, inscribed rocks are known to exist, which, in some respects, are analogous to those of Europe and Asia. The most celebrated of these is the Dighton Rock in Massachusetts. It is situated on the banks of Taunton river, and has, since the first settlement of the country, attracted the attention of the antiquarians, both of America and Europe.* Strahlenberg, in his account of Siberia, gives drawings of the principal ones in that region, and the transactions of the Learned Societies of Denmark and Sweden, contain drawings, as well as translations, of many found in those countries. The Scandinavian Runes contain records of remarkable battles, and are found where such battles were fought; others are conveyances of land, and embody much valuable historical information. The researches of the Danish Society, to which allusion has been made, have recently brought to light some inscriptions, and their meaning, to which it may be well to refer. In their late publications, the results of their investigations are given at length. The first of these, called the 'Runamo Inscript-

* The Dighton or Assonet Rock, with its inscription, forms the subject of a most curious disquisition, in the volume of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, referred to. It is situated in a prominent point, in the immediate vicinity of the place where the Scandinavian colony was founded, and appears to be a record of the visit and occupation of the country, by those hardy navigators, in the tenth century.

tion,' is cut on the flat surface of a rock, near Runamo, in Sweden, and is supposed to be the oldest monument of the kind in all the North. Mention was first made of its existence by the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who lived in the twelfth century. He states that King Waldemar the First, who reigned between 1157 and 1182, sent companies thither, skilled in Runic lore, for the purpose of reading the inscription, and that they returned without having accomplished the object of their mission, in consequence of its obscurity. For five hundred years after, no attempt was made. In 1649, the celebrated antiquary, Ole Worm, (Olaus Wormius,) who was then engaged in collecting materials for his great work, the *Monumenta Danica*, had a drawing taken, but failed in deciphering it. His ill success did not prevent others from examining it during the last century, who were alike unable to throw any light upon it. In 1805, another celebrated antiquary, M. F. Arendt, of Altona, the fame of whose pilgrimages on foot to many other like monuments is known throughout Europe, examined it; and being unable to make out the inscription as readily as he had been used to solving similar ones, declared it to be nothing more than a *lusus naturæ*. From this period, the opinion of Arendt became the prevailing one, and all hope of ever deciphering the inscription was considered vain. A few years since, it occurred to the Bishop of Zealand, Dr. Müller, who was preparing a new edition of Saxo, to have this monument again examined, and invited the Royal Society of Sciences to unite with him in the task, which they consented to do, by deputing a committee of three to proceed to Runamo, and examine the inscription. In July, 1833, they accomplished their task, took a copy of the Runes, which they decided were veritable characters, produced by artificial means, though blended with accidental cracks and fissures. Returning to Copenhagen, the committee appointed one of their number, Finn Magnussen, to undertake the charge of interpreting the characters, to which he immediately applied himself. Notwithstanding his efforts, ten months elapsed, during which he made no progress toward its accomplishment. At this time, it fortunately occurred to him, on the 22d May, 1834, to attempt to read the inscription backward, that is, from left to right, upon which he made out, with perfect ease, the first word, and in less than two hours, the whole.* It was found to be in the Old Northern or Icelandic tongue, in regular alliterative verse, and was executed in the year 680 or about that period. The Sagas, as well as the Danish History of Saxo, make mention of a famous battle, fought in East Gothland at this period, between Harald Hildekin, King of Denmark, and Ring, King of Sweden, in which warriors from all parts of the North participated as auxiliaries. The particulars are so plainly stated, that they cannot be mistaken, and the inscription here discovered, corroborates what history has recorded. It appears by the Saga, which contains the account of the battle, that the army of Harald was seven days on its way to the appointed field in East Gothland, and passed near Runamo. While there, it is probable that the inscription was cut, and the song chanted by the priests, magicians, or Skalds, in presence of the king himself.

* Report of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, p. 43.

The record in question has been thus translated :

Hildekinn received* the kingdom,
Gard hewed out.†
Olè took the oath;‡
Odin consecrate these Runes!
May Ring get
A fall on the mould;§
Elves, Gods of fidelity||

Olè hate.¶
Odin and Frey
And the Aser race
Destroy (destroy)
Our enemies!
Grant to Harald
A great victory!

Another inscription of the same kind, recently deciphered, is that on an obelisk found at Ruthwell, in Scotland. This monument has long been known, and is mentioned by various travellers in, and writers on, Scotland. In 1642, the General Assembly of the church of Scotland passed an order that it should be destroyed as idolatrous. It was accordingly broken in pieces, and the fragments placed in the church for seats. Here the Runic letters frequently attracted the attention of antiquaries, and among them Bishop Gibson, who, in his version of Camden's *Brittania*, printed in 1695, speaks of it as a pillar 'curiously engraved, with some inscription upon it.' Pen- nant, who saw it in 1772, says 'it contained Saxon letters, etc. Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, supposes it to have been erected by the Danes, who subdued this part of the country in the year 875. Not- withstanding much curiosity was excited, it does not appear that any one ever succeeded in deciphering it; nor was any pains taken to preserve it, until Dr. Duncan, the present minister of Ruthwell, caused the fragments to be collected, and the monument restored. He then caused a correct drawing to be made of the inscriptions, which was given to Mr. Thorleif Gudmundsen Repp, a learned Ice- lander, residing at Edinburgh, who, from his knowledge of the ancient languages of the North, soon ascertained the inscription to be Anglo-Saxon Runes. His account of it was published in the *Archæologia Scotica*, for 1832. The Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians have since investigated the subject, and have been ena- bled, more satisfactorily to make out the entire inscription. The monument is seventeen feet six inches in length, and contains inscriptions, as well as rude sculptures, on its four sides, the purport of which, appears to be a record of the transfer of landed property. Evidence is produced, which attributes the monument to the year 650, or thereabout, and the persons whose names are mentioned, are identified with historical personages of that period. From their length, these disquisitions would be tedious. The following is a lite- ral translation of part of the inscription :

I, Offa, Voden's kinsman,
Transfer to Eska's descendant,
To you two the property,
Field, meadow
Give we Ashlof!
The words of the noble I below make known.
To Erinc young
Promised she riches, estates good;

* Succeeded to. † Engraved these characters. ‡ Oath of fealty. § May he perish. || Who punish the breach of fidelity. ¶ Avoid, forsake. Gard was one of Harald's Skalds, and is men- tioned in the Saga. Olè was a relative of HARALD's, and deserted him to join his opponent.

I for the marriage feast
Prepare in the mean time.

* * *
Christ was among —,
When to all we gave
All that they owned — the married pair;
At their home,
The rich women's, you were a guest,
There down dwelling.
* * *

Many other inscribed rocks, on the banks of lakes and rivers in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, have been deciphered; and if such as the one last named, which exists in a country where antiquarian research has been carried to the utmost extent, has remained, until recently, undeciphered, why have we not reason to hope that those of our own country may yet be unravelled, and their contents made known? May not the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians, the Hindoos, the Japanese, or other eastern nations, renowned in antiquity, have visited our shores, and left these rude memorials of their visit? A wide field for antiquarian research in our own country is still open; and we trust that the growing interest in these subjects may yet lead to important discoveries. The vast tumuli and mounds of the West, the ancient fortified places, the numerous relics of a demi-civilized people, and the sculptured rocks, are yet involved in the most impenetrable mystery.

SONG.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

To LOVE, in my heart, I exclaimed t'other morning,
Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger take warning;
Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty,
To go gadding, bewitched by the young eyes of beauty;
For weary's the wooing, ah! weary,
When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart at its surly reflections,
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections;
And he made me forget what I ought to remember,
That the rose-bud of June cannot bloom in November.
Ah! Tom, 't is all o'er with thy gay days!
Write psalms and not songs for the ladies.

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching;
And the only new lore my experience traces,
Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.
How weary is wisdom, how weary,
When one sits by a smiling young deatie!

And should she be wroth, that my homage pursues her,
I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser;
Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is haunted?
It is you the enchantress, not I the enchanted:
Would you have me behave more discreetly,
Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

A TRUE KISS.

AN IMITATION, BY A LOVER, OF AN OLD ENGLISH POET.

THINK'ST thou a kiss like *that* deserves a song?
 Lady, I call that touching lips — not kissing:
 Your lexicon explains this matter wrong;
 It is no kiss, when soul and sense are missing.

Why, 't was as light and careless as a bee,
 Pausing a moment on some flowret's bell,
 Then passing off again as instantly,
 Finding no honey in its painted cell.

A true kiss to its inmost depths doth stir
 The heart, awakening new sensations in it;
 It is the soul's most potent conjurer,
 And calls up all its spirits in a minute.

I'd have thy lips approach, as if a wife
 Unto her far-off husband did repair,
 And settle down upon my lips for life,
 To rear a family of kisses there!

CLAMS!

It was SAM JONES, the fisherman,
 Was bound for Sandy Hook,
 But first upon the almanac
 A solemn oath he took:
 'And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven!
 Was still this prayer of Sam's,
 'That I may have good luck to-night,
 And catch a load of clams !'

OLD SONG.

I BELIEVE in this ballad of the fisherman. It is a rich ballad, and no doubt veracious; quite as great, in its beautiful and expressive simplicity, as the ballad of Chevy Chase. I would not irreverently deem it a mere parody. No! It is original — and American.

I think I have appropriately headed a dissertation upon clams with a scrap from one of our best national ballads; but I have a few words to say, by way of preface and explanation. And first, I would bespeak for honest Sam the reader's good-natured indulgence, and Christian charity. Condemn not his humble prayer to the moon, as strange, or ignorant, or superstitious; nor his simple vow, recorded as it was upon the almanac, as a species of impiety. Sam, perhaps, had never been

—— 'where bells have knoll'd to church,'

nor been taught to bend the knee in orthodox devotion. Of the 'Book of Books,' that sanctifier of human vows, Sam, perchance, had never heard, much less read; for in his day, Bible Societies were

not so numerous as in this happier age. Yet was that simple, that solemn oath, evidence of no common devotion ; of a religious principle, dim, and undeveloped, it may be, but native, deep-seated, and sincere.

Sam's trade was clam-digging — not so dreadful as gathering samphire ; but Sam evidently looked upon clamming as an important and mysterious thing. Indispensable to his profession was the almanac. It was doubtless Sam's 'book of books' — nay, perhaps the only book the inerudite fisherman had ever seen. Often may he have wondered at the surprising fulfilment of its prognostications. Its calculations wore to him the appearance of prophecies. Its eclipses were astonishingly verified. It foretold, although 'as in a glass darkly,' the phenomena of the weather. Its calendar of the moon's phases was truth itself. Did it not also give him the times of the tide ? — spring-tides and neap-tides ? — high water and low water ?

—— 'enough for Sam to know ?'

May he not be forgiven, indulgent reader, for looking up to the moon with (oh ! call it not superstitious) reverence ? From earliest fisher-hood, cœqual with his earliest childhood, Sam had regarded that bright patroness of the tides, and arbitress of the weather, as the arbiter also of his destiny, or, as he would have said, of his 'luck.' He had ever seen, of all things heavenly, the most indubitable evidences of her power and influence. Generally, too, the sole witness of his midnight toils, she shone down upon the lonely clam-fisher so benignantly, that nature prompted his untaught mind to offer to her shrine his grateful adorations. 'Dumois, the young, the brave,' departed for Palestine to war against the enemies of his faith with not more modest distrust in his own abilities, not more pious reliance upon the favor of heaven, when he bent his knightly knee before 'St. Mary's shrine.'

Sam's trade, ruthless though it was, as shall presently be made to appear, had not yet hardened his heart. A new light was, perchance, dawning upon his spirit. His conscience, not yet indurated, but only apathetic, was awakening. Compunctious visitings had begun to agitate his mind. He evidently felt ill at ease — restless and doubtful. That state of inquietude and doubt is the first stage, when our moral nature begins to conquer the errors of habit, and, rising superior to prejudice, soars toward the regions of truth.

Upon this memorable night, Sam Jones, the fisherman, attained this first stage. Anxious and distrustful, he fell back upon a species of-religion for support ; misdirected though it was, and partaking of superstition, if not of paganism. Sam felt he was about making an unprovoked attack upon a peaceful community of inoffensive beings, without any thing to allege in justification, save motive of appetite, or the meaner one of gain. Custom and education told him he was right, but conscience began to whisper that he might be wrong. Thus, like the barons of old, who, when they meditated violence against a people that never molested them, first vowed an oblation to their favorite saint, in case of success, Sam trusted more to pro-

pititiating the smiles of the 'immortal queen,' than to the justice of his cause.

The old song goes on to say, that the fisherman, fortified with his devotion, and confiding in the favor of his beautiful patroness, made an eminently successful foray into the unguarded camp of the clammities, carrying off numbers of the enemy ; and as his fair one said or sung :

'The man who toiled so hard last night
Full well deserves his bread.'

I only wish Sam had earned his bread in some other vocation. But whether he ever rose to a higher stage in moral improvement ; whether he finally awoke to the full enormity of the cruel trade he had been pursuing, and abandoned it for some other ; or whether he became more enlightened, and added to his very limited library that Book which teaches a better devotion, the old song leaves us altogether in the dark. We can only hope he did.

Reader, have you a sympathy for clams ? 'Happy as a clam,' is an old adage. It is not without meaning. Your clam enjoys the true *otium cum dignitate*. Enconced in his mail of proof—for defence purely, his disposition being no ways bellicose—he snugly nestleth in his mucid bed, revels in quiescent luxury, in the unctuous loam that surroundeth him, or, with slow and dignified motion, worketh nearer the surface, as the summer suns warm the roof of his mud-palace, or sinketh deeper within, from the nipping frosts of winter.

A philosopher, the world may wag as it will, what is it to your clam ? *His* world is within. He is not active, but contemplative. A Diogenes in his tub, he careth not for an Alexander, save that he would keep out of his sunshine. A recluse, he hath his own little cell, built for him by nature, from which he may shut out all the world, opening at times its cautious doors, merely to receive his simple nourishment. Yet is he not the hermit he would appear. Your true clam is gregarious. He liveth in communities ; in a sort of reserved sociability with his neighbors. A bond of sympathy connecteth him, even through his shell-work walls, with all his species. Who can tell how many affections—passions, even—your clam may possess ? It would be matter of curious speculation.

Strange that all-inquisitive man, who searches so curiously into the *instinct*, as he calls it, for want of a better term, of bees, ants, spiders—nay, even of the animalcules of the air and water—should so long have neglected those of this not less interesting race. Is it that your philosophers dare not dive beneath the mud ?

Hitherto, regarded solely as an article of diet, man has waged an exterminating war against them, merely to satisfy his clam-niverous appetite. Happy should I be—far happier would it be for them—if my humble disquisition could stimulate inquiry for a better purpose ; if the learned, ceasing to regard this interesting tribe of bivalves as subjects for the science of gastronomy purely, would view their curious automatic existences as objects of more recondite study—of philosophical speculation.

As if afraid of being in the way of the potent lords of creation,

at low water-mark, beneath the mud, they found their unobtrusive colonies. Of man they require nothing, but to be left alone. In this reasonable desire they are not indulged. Man, disregarding of the rights of every meaner creature, is the ruthless foe to their peace. He invades their quiet homes ; he rends asunder all their social relations ; and for no crime that can be alleged against creatures so unoffending, devotes them to a cruel and violent death.

Poor innocents ! How quietly, how unresistingly, they submit to this tyranny ! But, alas ! they are so utterly helpless ! Nature neglected to furnish them with means of resistance. Like certain other races of beings, they seem born to be victims. They raise no voice in remonstrance ; they lift no shell in opposition. Passively they yield up their lives in the boiling pot, and dying gently, unclosed their doors of shell, that their enemy may ravish their envied bodies ; and their wretched companions, left behind for a brief time, to weep in secret over their bereavement, perhaps tremblingly await, like the followers of Ulysses, in the cave of Polyphemus, their turn to be devoured.

But, kind reader, does not the very silence of this wronged race cry aloud ?

‘Dum tacent clamant !’

My landlady, worthy soul that she is, delighteth in clams. She was born upon the shore of Boston Bay, in the neighborhood of their thickest settlements, and has feasted upon them all her life. She has cooked them in all manner of ways ; roasted, stewed, boiled ; but, Lord, Sir ! it never occurred to her simple heart, that their horrible deaths gave them pain ! Not that there is a shade of original cruelty in her disposition : she is the tenderest-hearted creature in the world toward her kind ; but she is a disbeliever in sensations in regard to fish.

‘Clams must *naturally* be boiled before they are dead,’ she would say, ‘otherwise they would not be good’ — to be eaten, she meant, of course. She could calmly skin an eel, and see it writhing in her hands under the unpleasant operation, and perhaps think ‘eels were used to it.’ It would have made the good old lady stare, and put on her great round-eyed spectacles, to see if you were not demented, if you had hinted that a clam or an eel hath perhaps an ‘immortal essence !’

She seems to regard me as an irreligious sort of person, ever since I insinuated, in my idle way, that the big black lobster I saw sprawling in the pot, under the influence of boiling water, might be suffering as much torture, in his martyr’s death, as St. Polycarp in his cauldron of oil. The old lady’s mind is not speculative. She never wanders into the ideal. Fancy plays her no tricks. She is imaginative, but that is scarcely a fault. She is a very respectable woman.

The other evening I was sitting in my own little room, when the good lady entered, bringing a mess of clams. I incontinently laid down the book, over which I was trying to keep awake. It was a volume of American poems.* Their sight and perfume (the clams,

* A ‘ducat to a beggarly dernier,’ it was a copy of Mr. Brooks’ ‘Scriptural Anthology!’
Eds. KNICKERBOCKER.

not the poems,) had caused a strange watery feeling about my palate. They were piping hot; and the kind old lady said she knew I would 'relish' them. She was quite right. I did. They were delicious.

In all our pleasant sinnings, at the precise moment of enjoyment, (I trust I am understood,) conscience seems always most somniferous. During the moment of appetite, the mind has no leisure for foreign considerations. Sense is often too strong for reason; pleasure too powerful for philosophy. So I had nearly finished my delightful bowl of clams, before sated appetite left the mind free for a little serious reflection.

'Alas!' I began, eyeing the remains of my feast with a still longing eye, 'how had their little terraqueous community been violated, to furnish me forth a supper! How many parents had been torn from their children — children from parents — husbands bereaved of their wives — lovers of their mistresses! 'Nay,' I continued aloud, with a sigh that I instantly checked, as I found it sprang from a feeling that did me but little honor, 'nay,' said I, with all the gravity I could assume, 'perhaps their unfortunate nation is now in a state of anarchy. Grief and consternation, violence and uproar, taken the place of peace, order, and good government; and the wretched people, clam-orous for a new election, to supply the places of their kidnapped governors!'

'This portly, well-filled clam,' said I, as I paid another stealthy visit to the bowl, and deposited a remarkably plump individual upon my tongue, 'might have been an alderman! Extremely juicy! Perhaps he was their Lord Mayor himself!

'This little delicate one' — I held it up gingerly for a moment in my fingers — 'was some young maiden, who, with innocent curiosity, had nudged her little head above the surface, to see what was going on in the great world without. Ah! curiosity was always fatal to the sex!' I sentimentally added, as she rather unsentimentally followed the alderman.

'This dapper-looking young prig has a foppish set to his neck,' remorselessly putting him between my teeth; 'he was a clam-dandy, perhaps: rather insipid — flat! Could he have been the aforesaid silly maiden's gallant?'

'And this' — regarding another with deep respect, and ruminating awhile before I devoted him to my oesophagus — 'this shows, by his large head, so disproportioned to his attenuated body, doubtless the effect of long study, that he was some great philosopher, or statesman, who had passed his life in meditating upon old worlds, or dreaming of new. What lofty speculations, what daring aspirations, might have been his!'

To an infinitely superior being, where would be the difference between our own self-called important actions and desires; our objects of love, ambition, gain; our successes and misfortunes, and those of a clam? We are *all* but pitiful creatures, at best. We have more wants than the clam, because our habits are more artificial, arising from our own more complicated nature. But may not the simple wants of the clam be equally as difficult of attainment as our own merely *natural* wants? A softer bed in the mud — a warmer situation — purer water?

Who knows how many unsatisfied desires, how many vain wishes, how many fears, fancied as well as real, torment them? Do they not lose their friends?—suffer cold and hunger?—disease and death? Can we see farther into futurity than the clam? Is his world, when we rightly consider it, more circumscribed than ours? Have we advantages or disadvantages from birth? So has the clam. Consider the advantage of being born in softer mud, or sheltered by a friendly rock!

Wealth, rank, and dignities we struggle for, as these confer peculiar privileges. The clam's ambition may be to work himself to the upper or lower place (for we are unacquainted with what they consider the post of honor,) in the community.

In the present unenlightened age, so little is known of the habits and customs of the clam race, that of their civil polity and of their social arrangements, we at present can only vaguely conjecture. It is a pity, for the subject would doubtless be one of deep interest; and perhaps we might obtain from their little communities, if we understood them better, some valuable hints for our own government. Admirable lessons are learned from the bee-hive and the ant-hill, the beaver-dam and the bird-nest; why not from the clam-bed?

In absence of exact information, we may conjecture that their government is a far more 'simple machine' than even our own simple democratic form; for each individual is protected by his own shell; and occupying only his little bed, there can be no great accumulation of property. Special legislation for the protection of peculiar interests can hardly be known. Probably their government is a kind of hereditary republic; a confederacy of states, living in harmonious alliance; governed, patriarchally, by those whose fortunate birth gives them advantages to be appreciated only by clams.

We presume that they never engage in war; that they are unambitious and pacific. We infer that their taxes must be light. We *hope* they are not given to over-trading and speculation; that dishonest paper money is unknown to their *bank*.

Their clothes being furnished ready made by Dame Nature, they have no manufactures to protect; no tariff—no imports—no strikes of journeymen-tailors. They 'toil not, neither do they spin.' They impoverish not their country by the importation of foreign luxuries. The 'balance of trade' is to them an unknown term. They drink no spirituous liquors!

It is time we should end. Let us gracefully shut up our clam-shell. The subject is exhausted—like the patience of the reader.

A short time ago, an English paper asserted that a man, somewhere or other, had succeeded in taming *an oyster*, so that the testaceous pedestrian followed him about like a dog! With all due deference to the veracious print, I am inclined to doubt the whole story. It must have been a mistake.

But if it only had said A CLAM!

Your oyster is a parasite; an idle do-nothing, like all other parasites. He attacheth himself to rocks, to bushes, and even to the shells of other oysters. But, in our short-sighted ignorance, we know not yet the undeveloped powers of the clam. Is not his smooth, fine-textured, light armor better adapted to locomotion, than your

heavy, corrugated, thick-shelled oyster? It is true, he could not leap like your grey-hound, nor prance like your courser. His motions, we may suppose, would be slow, and performed with dignified deliberation; but we recollect the fable of the tortoise, which by slow and painful industry, beat even the fiery courser in a long race.

‘Cursus non est levis.’

Nothing would be got in a speculation upon oysters. Their natural stupidity is impracticable. Your oyster is a fat, gorbellied animal, only made to be eaten.

Benedict, in his insolent contempt of love, says: ‘I cannot tell but love may transform me to *an oyster* ;’ that is, to a very senseless thing; for, mark: ‘but till he *have* made an oyster of me, he never shall make me such a fool.’

But ‘an oyster may be crossed in love?’ Yes, to be sure; and still more likely, a clam! Your clam is much the more superior being; not upon thy *palate*, I grant, most hypercritical gourmand, for he wants the delicate tenderness, the rich oleaginous flavor of that most delicious of the mollusca; but Sir, *your clam has a head!*

J. P. P.

THE TELL-TALE FACE.

I HATE those frigid notions,
Which seem to count it sin
To show the kind emotions,
True kindness wakes within;
Those manners cold and guarded,
With words dealt out by rule,
Pronounced just as mamma did,
Or Madame F — , at school.

I wonder how the ladies,
Dear angels that they are!
Can live where so much shade is,
Their loveliness to mar!
Were they fairer than the graces,
And wiser than the light,
Such cold, such moonlight faces,
Would put young love to flight.

I love the playful fancies
Of an unsuspecting heart,
That speak in songs and glances,
Unchecked by rules of art:
I love the face that speaketh
Of all that’s in the mind;
The brow, the eye, that taketh
Its hue from what’s behind.

These are the voice of nature,
The language of the soul;
Words change, but o’er the feature,
Guile may not have control:

The tongue may tell of feelings,
Which may be — or may not;
But the eye hath sure revealings
Of the deeply-hidden thought.

I love that quick expression,
Which flashes the full eye,
When truth would make confession,
While modesty would lie;
Those warm, those heavenly blushes,
That crimson brow and cheek,
When feeling’s fountain gushes
With thoughts it dares not speak:

Those shades that come unbidden
From every passing cloud,
With tales of cares deep hidden,
’Neath merry looks, or proud;
The sudden gleam of pleasure,
From brow, and eye, and lip,
That tells the heart hath treasures
It scarce knows how to keep.

These, these are voices given,
For soul to speak with soul,
As true to truth and heaven,
As the needle to the pole.
I bow to wit and beauty,
I almost worship grace,
But I owe especial duty
To an honest tell-tale face.

New-York, February, 1833.

WILLIAM CUTTER.

A NIGHT SCENE.

BY THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, ESQ.

It is deep midnight. On the verdant hills,
In beauty spread, the broad white moonlight lies.
No sound is heard, save that the gray owl hoots
At intervals in the old mossy wood,
Or save the rustle of the aspen leaves,
That ceaseless turn upon their slender stems,
When not a breath is felt in all the heaven.
Standing upon an eminence, I see
The haunts of men around. The world is still!
The busy and the bustling are at rest;
Their mingled voices do not fill the air,
As when I wander here at noon of day.
The birds are silent now, and the tired beasts
Are sunk to rest. Almost beneath my feet
Stand cottages, the dwellings of the poor,
And prouder mansions of the rich and great.
The cottager and all his little ones
Are slumbering now. Theirs is a sweeter sleep
Than luxury or wealth can ever give.

Not distant far, upon a gentle swell,
With its back-ground of orchards and of woods,
And more immediate circle of green trees,
My much-loved home, my native dwelling, stands.
Its roof is glimmering in the white moonshine,
And all its inmates, save myself, at rest.
I see the little brook meandering there,
But do not hear its voice: the trembling light
Of the full moon falls on its shifting waves,
And glistens back, in flashes, on my eye.
How sweet the stillness of this midnight hour!
It banishes the cares of busy life:
The spirit of the Mightiest is abroad;
It fills the boundless air, the spreading wood,
The wilds, the lonely deserts of the earth,
And all her populous realms.

In a few hours
The rosy morn will break upon the hills,
And all these sleepers start to life again:
The gay to spend another day of mirth;
The housewife to her toil; the laboring man
To his accustomed task. The little birds
That perch in silence on these lofty trees,
Shall then 'break forth in songs,' wild woodland songs,
Such as were chanted on the sixth day's morn,
In Eden's bower, to hail the birth of man;
And summer's morning wind shall breathe again,
And toss the dew-drops from the forest leaves,
And all this solemn stillness be exchanged
For universal motion.

Standing here,
And gazing on this varied scenery, spread
So beautifully round, I feel a power,
As of the great Omnipotent, upon me,
That calls my heart to worship. I will kneel,
Here by the side of this o'erhanging wood,
And, like the patriarchs of ancient time,
Who worshipped on the mountains, offer up,
Beneath heaven's mighty arch, my humble hymn
To the great Watcher of a sleeping world!

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF A TRAVELLER IN THE EAST: BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

NUMBER TWO.

DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ. — FEBRUARY 23d. — Our camels having drank their fill of water on the preceding evening, our charges of living having been paid, and every provision made for our journey, we left Suez as early as the dawn, passing round Kolzoum to the northward, leaving on our right, 'Geziret el Yahoudi,' or the Island of the Jews, and travelling along the shore of 'Hor el Yahoudi,' or the Creek of the Jews, at the termination of which we entered the bed of the ancient canal, which discharged itself into the head of the Red Sea. Neither in the course of our route, however, nor here at its mouth, could we distinguish any thing which could lead to a satisfactory decision as to the remains of Arsinoë; so that the idea I had entertained on the summit of the mount of Kolzoum, was rather confirmed than otherwise.

While halting for the purpose of examination, we found here a small party of Arabs, four in number, who were returning to Egypt through the tract of El Ouadi; and as they professed themselves perfectly acquainted with the desert, we agreed to let them share our coffee, tobacco, and protection, for their services as guides, on condition that they were to make any deviation from the common route which I might command.

For the first hour of our journeying in company with these Arabs, we were entertained with the traditional history of the pursuit of Moses by Pharaoh, of the miraculous escape of the fugitives, and the complete destruction of the pursuing host. As their knowledge of the subject was merely traditional, neither of them being able to read, it was not to be wondered at that they should differ in their relations of this event; but various as their accounts were, each varied but little from that received among us. They all agreed, however, in pointing out the scene of this event at some miles north of Suez, adding, that in those days the sea extended farther into the desert than it does at present.

I may add, that during all my journey along this part of the coast, I could discover none of those natural phenomena, which many have supposed sufficient to account for the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and the subsequent destruction of Pharaoh's hosts, by what are called natural means; there being nothing in the configuration of the land, or the flowing of the tides, or the prevalence of particular winds, that could produce the separation of the waters, as described by the sacred historian; so that the integrity of its miraculous history stands unimpeached by any circumstances visible on the spot, at all calculated to take away from its miraculous character.

From the equality of levels between the sandy plains and the surface of the Red Sea, the water flows northward of Suez for some distance through the bed of the ancient canal; and the rains also finding a reception in its hollow bed, without the power of drawing it off, as the sands are firm, and in some places even mixed with clay

and gravel, the whole of the channel appears as though but recently left dry.

In page 474 of his '*Illustrations of the Geography of Herodotus*,' Major Rennell has the following paragraph on the subject of the ancient canal communicating between the Red Sea and the Nile: 'It is confidently reported that the traces of the eastern extremity of the canal are also visible near Adjeroud, and thence toward the Bay of Suez. Adjeroud, as we have seen, stands at no great distance from the hilly tract which extends to the northwest from the shore of that bay.' Pococke says, (vol. 1, p. 134,) 'Part of the way from Adjeroud to Suez is in a sort of fossée, that is thought to be the canal of Trajan, and seems to have run close to the west end of the old city;' (by which it may be concluded Kolzoum is intended; although, in page 133, he seems to consider these ruins as belonging to the ancient Arsinoë.) M. Niebuhr remarked the same appearance, but was in doubt whether it was a part of a canal, or the bed of a torrent; for, by the herbage growing in it, water must have recently flowed through it. (*Voyage en Arabie*, vol. 1, p. 204.)

Dr. Pococke also says, page 132, 'From Adjeroud we went on south toward Suez, in a sort of hollow ground, in which, as I shall observe, the sea might formerly come.' And he remarks afterward, page 180, 'If Heroöpolis was on the most northern height I have mentioned, (he having supposed Adjeroud to be the site of that city,) the Red Sea must have lost ground; and, indeed, by the situation of places, there is a great appearance of it; the valleys and the high ground, with broken cliffs, looking very much like such an alteration.' M. Niebuhr, in his '*Description de l'Arabie*,' p. 354, and Volney, in his '*Travels in Egypt and Syria*,' vol. 1, chap. 14, describe the same kind of hollow to the extent of four or five miles to the northward of Suez, (Volney says two leagues,) and which, from all accounts, must be the deserted bed of the sea, or rather that bed filled up with sand, to a height above the ordinary level of the sea, in the course of its gradual retreat since the earliest times.

The error of Dr. Pococke, in supposing Adjeroud to be the site of Heroöpolis, is more than manifest from its relative situation only; beside which, there is nothing even in its neighborhood which could indicate the remains of an ancient settlement there. His description of the fossée, or hollow ground, between that place and Suez, is, however, perfectly correct; though, from its extreme breadth, irregularity, and general form, the supposition of its being the canal of Trajan must have been extremely forced. Niebuhr, in remarking the same appearance, more reasonably supposed it to be the bed of a torrent; but the observations of Volney, and the conclusions of Rennell, are still more satisfactory, in conceiving it to be the deserted bed of the sea; though even then, a period must be assigned to such gradual retreat as anterior to the existence of Kolzoum, the remains of which are at this moment so close to the water's edge, that since the destruction of that city, no farther retreat of the sea can have taken place.

Having this fossée, and Adjeroud also, considerably on our left, we rode, for upward of three hours, beyond its mouth, and at least four hours beyond Suez, in the very bed of the ancient canal itself,

following it in all its curves, the general direction of the whole being thus far northerly. It appears not to have been lined with masonry, the embankments of the soil originally thrown up still remaining. In some parts, the channel has been so filled up as to leave the limits of its width scarcely perceptible, while in others it is now more than twenty feet in depth; nor does its destruction appear to have been, as some have supposed, from the shifting nature of the sands around it; for the whole of the ground through which it was thus far cut, is firm, gravelly soil, mixed with earth, a fine layer of which now covers the surface of the bed. The uniformity of its breadth is admirable, scarcely ever exceeding or falling short of a hundred feet.

That the communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea had been attempted, by opening a canal from the Nile, no one had denied; but its completion, or actual discharge into the latter, had been a subject of question and dispute, until the masterly and profound discussion of Rennell seemed to have set the matter at rest; and the materials on which Arrowsmith's excellent chart was formed, removed even the possibility of doubt. It was a high satisfaction to me, therefore, when treading on this disputed ground, to recapitulate the authorities on which this historical fact was founded, and to compare, as we went along, the features yet distinguishable with the original descriptions scattered through these early records. As they were among the extracted memoranda, intended to assist my observations on this journey, I cannot do better than recapitulate them here.

Herodotus (*Euterpe*, cap. 158,) says, 'Psammitichus had a son whose name was Necos, by whom he was succeeded in his authority. This prince first commenced that canal leading to the Red Sea, which Darius, King of Persia, afterward continued. The length of this canal is equal to a four days' voyage, and is wide enough to admit two trirèmes abreast. The water enters it from the Nile, a little above the city of Bubastis; it terminated in the Red Sea, not far from Patumos, an Arabian town. They began to sink the canal in that part of Egypt which is nearest to Arabia. Contiguous to it is a mountain which stretches toward Memphis, and contains quarries of stone. Commencing at the foot of this, it extends from west to east, through a considerable tract of country, and where a mountain opens to the south is discharged into the Arabian Gulf. In the prosecution of this work under Necos, no less than one hundred thousand men perished. He at length desisted from his undertaking, being admonished by an oracle that all his labor would turn to the advantage of a barbarian.'

Strabo, pages 803 and 804, says: 'There is another canal terminating at the Arabian Gulf, and the city of Arsinoë sometimes called Cleopatris. It passes through those called the Bitter Lakes, whose waters indeed were formerly bitter, but which have been sweetened since the cutting of this canal, by an admixture with those of the Nile, and now abound with delicate fish, and are crowded with water fowl. This canal was first made by Sesostris, before the war of Troy. Some say that the son of Psammitichus, (Necho,) just began the work, and then died. The first Darius carried on the undertaking, but desisted from finishing it, on a false opinion that as the Red

Sea is higher than Egypt, the cutting of the Isthmus between them would necessarily lay that country under water. The Ptolemies disproved this error, and by means of weirs, or locks, rendered the canal navigable to the Sea, without obstruction or inconvenience. Near to Arsinoë stand the cities Heroum and Cleopatris, the latter of which is on that recess of the Arabian Gulf which penetrates into Egypt. Here are harbors, and dwellings, and several canals, with lakes adjacent to them. The canal leading to the Red Sea begins at Phaccusa, to which the village Philon is contiguous.'

Diodorus, lib. 1, c. 3, says: 'From Pelasium to the Arabian Gulf, a canal was opened. Necho, son of Psammitichus, first began the work; after him Darius, the Persian, carried it on, but left it unfinished, being told that if he cut through the isthmus, Egypt would be laid under water; for that the Red Sea lay higher than Egypt. The last attempt was made by Ptolemy the Second, who succeeded, by means of a new canal with sluices, which were opened and shut as convenience required. The canal opened by Ptolemy was called after his name, and fell into the Red Sea at Arsinoë.'

Pliny, lib. 6, chap. 20, says: 'Sesostris, King of Egypt, was the first that planned the scheme of uniting the Red Sea with the Nile, by a navigable canal of sixty-two miles, which is the space that intervenes between them. In this he was followed by Darius, King of Persia, and also by Ptolemy, of Egypt, the second of that name, who made a canal of one hundred feet wide, by thirty in depth, continuing it thirty-seven and a half miles to the Bitter Fountains. At this point the work was then interrupted, for it was found that the Red Sea lay higher than the land of Egypt by three cubits, and a general inundation was feared. But some will have it, that the true cause was, that if the sea was let into the Nile, the water of it, of which alone the inhabitants drink, would be spoiled.'

All that could be said toward the reconciliation of those differing testimonies, as to the projectors and finishers of this work, has been already so satisfactorily done by Rennell, that there remains nothing to add on that point; but with respect to its having really been completed at all, which has been doubted by some, on the testimony of Pliny, (although Herodotus, Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus are agreed as to its having been finished, and differ only in respectively ascribing its completion to Darius and to Ptolemy,) ocular testimony is perhaps the most satisfactory, and this I felt much gratification in possessing.

I cannot help remarking, that while the description of Herodotus, as to the point of the canal opening from the Nile, its course from west to east, and its discharging into the Red Sea, where a mountain opens to the south, (meaning no doubt Mount Adaga,) is clear and satisfactory, while Strabo also defines it as terminating at the Arabian Gulf, and Diodorus speaks of its falling into the Red Sea, at Arsinoë, one cannot conclude from Pliny, whether the work which he describes was commenced to be opened from the Nile, or from the Red Sea. Taking his distance from the source of the undertaking to the Bitter Lakes, at thirty-seven and a half miles, one would rather infer that he meant the latter, a supposition which is strengthened by the cause he assigns for its discontinuance; namely, a discovery that the level

of the gulf was higher than that of the river, and a fear of letting the waters of the Sea into those of the Nile, an evil which could be well provided against, if it were at the river that the canal originated, but which could only threaten an inundation when the stream was made to flow toward the river from the Sea.

The breadth and depth of the bed through which we had travelled this morning, corresponded exactly with the dimensions given by Pliny, as one hundred feet by thirty, allowing for the depositions which must have taken place in those parts the least filled up by time; because, as I before observed, it every where preserved that breadth, with admiral regularity, and was in many places more than twenty feet in depth at the present moment.

May it not have been, then, that the canal of Darius having fallen into ruin, or continuing to be navigable no farther than from the Nile to the Bitter Lakes, Ptolemy attempted to reopen the communication by cutting anew or clearing out the remaining portion between Arsinoë and that place? Such was the suggestion which presented itself to my mind upon the spot, as reconciling apparently discordant testimonies; because, at the same time that this would admit the fact of its completion by Darius, which Herodotus so often and so positively asserts, it would also correspond with the account of Strabo, that the Ptolemies rendered this *ruined* rather than unfinished canal of Darius, *again* navigable to the Sea, with the testimony of Strabo, that the canal *opened* by Ptolemy was called after his name, and fell into the Red Sea at Arsinoë, and with the description given by Pliny of the second Ptolemy making a canal of one hundred feet wide, by thirty in depth, continuing it thirty-seven and a half miles, to the Bitter Fountains. How quickly such ruin could take place, from neglect, may be inferred from the fact, quoted in a note of Rennell's, who says: 'It would seem that the canal of Ptolemy did not remain open to the time of Cleopatra, since her ships were dragged across the Isthmus.' Plutarch says the distance was thirty-six miles. Possibly that portion of the canal between the Bitter Lake and Arsinoë, may be the part intended, which same space I have supposed to be meant by Pliny's distance of thirty-seven and a half miles, as before adverted to.

In the Life of Mark Anthony, mention is made of this excursion of Cleopatra, from Alexandria to Arsinoë, or as some called it, Cleopatris. She undertook the voyage by the canal, but on arriving at the Shallow Lakes, called the Bitter Lakes, and sometimes the Bitter Fountains, through part of which the canal ran, it was found that, from neglect, the sands had been permitted to accumulate, and the splendid barges and galleys, constituting the fleet of the queen and her retinue, grounded; but the rowers and steersmen being ordered to lighten them, for the purpose of floating them farther on, they applied their strength no longer to the oars, but actually drew them across the sands, till the canal became sufficiently deep to receive and float them onward on its bosom to the city of their destination. The description of those magnificent barges in which this luxurious Queen of the East was wont to perform her voyages, harmonizes with the gorgeous splendor by which her court and person were always surrounded.

'The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It begg'd all description. At the helm,
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office; from the barge,
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharf: the city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Anthony,
 Enthroned in the market-place did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which but for vacancy
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in Nature.'

To resume the journal of our route. After having travelled all the morning in the bed of the ancient canal, but without being able to discover a vestige of any thing like masonry, or indication of the sluices by which its waters were said to have been regulated, we had lost at noon, all traces of its course, though we continued our direction still northerly, inclining two or three points to the west, until we gained the site of the Bitter Lakes, as they were called by the ancients, and named the Salt Marshes, in more modern maps. We traversed in every direction, the desert, for a diameter of ten miles, having fleet trotting dromedaries beneath us, without finding the least portion of water, although it had evidently been the receptacle of an extensive lake, and has its bed at this moment below the level of the sea at Suez. The soil here differs from all around it. On leaving the last traces of the canal, we had entered upon a loose shifting sand; here we found a firm clay mixed with gravel, and though perfectly dry, its surface was incrustated over with a strong salt.

On leaving the site of these now evaporated lakes, we entered upon a loose and shifting sand again, like that which Pliny describes when speaking of the roads from Pelusium across the sands of the desert, in which he says, unless there be reeds stuck in the ground, to point out the line of direction, the way could not be found, because the wind blows up the sand and covers the footsteps.

The morning was delightful, on our setting out; and promised us a fine day; but the light air from the south had increased to a gale. The sun became obscure; and getting every hour into a looser sand, it flew around us in such whirlwinds, with the sudden gusts that blew, that it was impossible to proceed. We halted, therefore, for an hour, and sheltered ourselves under the lee of our camels, who were themselves so terrified as to need fastening by the knees, and uttered, in their moanings, but a melancholy symphony.

I know not whether it was the novelty of the situation that gave it additional horror, or whether the habit of magnifying evils to which we are unaccustomed had increased its effect; but certain it is, that fifty gales of wind at sea appeared to me more easy to be encountered than one among those sands. It is impossible to imagine desolation more complete. We could see neither earth, nor sun, nor sky. The plain at ten paces distant was absolutely imperceptible: our animals, as well as ourselves, were so covered with the sand as to render

breathing difficult. They hid their faces in the ground, and we could only uncover our own for a moment, to behold this chaos of mid-day darkness, and wait impatiently for its abatement. Alexander's journey to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and the destruction of the Persian armies of Cambyses in the Lybian Desert, rose to my recollection, with new impressions made by the horror of the scene before me; while Addison's admirable lines, which I also remembered with peculiar force on this occasion, seemed to possess as much truth as beauty.

'So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden the impetuous hurricanes descend;
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away :
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smothered in the dusty whirlwind dies.'

The few hours we remained in this situation were passed in unbroken silence. Every one was occupied in his own reflections, as if the reign of terror forbade communication.

The fury of the desert gale spent itself, like the storms of ocean, in sudden lulls and squalls; but it was not until the third or fourth interval, that our fears were sufficiently conquered to address each other; nor shall I soon lose the recollection of the impressive manner in which that was done. 'Allah kereem!' 'God is merciful!' exclaimed the poor Bedouin, although habit had familiarized him with these resistless blasts. 'Allah kereem!' repeated the Egyptians, with terrified solemnity; and both my servant and myself, as if by instinct, joined in the general exclamation. The bold imagery of the eastern poets, describing the Deity as avenging in his anger, and terrible in his wrath, riding upon the wings of the whirlwind, and breathing his fury in the storm, must have been inspired by scenes like these.

It was now past sun-set, and neither of us had yet broken our fast for the day. Even the consoling pipe could not be lighted in the hurricane, and it was in vain to think of remaining in our present station, while the hope of finding some bush for shelter remained. We remounted our camels, therefore, and departed. The young moon afforded us only a faint light, and all traces of the common road were completely obliterated. The stars were not even visible through so disturbed an atmosphere, and my compass was our only guide. The Arabs knew a spot, near Sheick Amedid, where tanks and trees were to be found; and confiding in my direction for the course thither, we resumed our journey.

After a silent ride of five tedious hours, this garden of repose appeared in sight; and, bleak and barren as it was, in truth, fatigue and apprehension gave it the charms of Eden. Here we alighted, fed our weary animals, and like sailors escaped from shipwreck, rejoiced in that delightful consciousness of security, which is known only in the safety that succeeds danger.

DESERT OF EL OUADI. — FEBRUARY 24. — The poor Arabs suffering in the night from cold, and the wind being still too high to

keep a fire, without some one watching, for which all were too fatigued, we divided our straw mats in fragments between them for a covering, and weariness had so prepared me for repose, that my sleep was as sweet and uninterrupted as the most tenacious child of sickness could desire.

We arose with the sun, congratulated each other over our coffee on a better day, and went together to view the ruins near this spot, which correspond in their situation with those marked in Arrow-smith's map, as the Serapeum and Sheick Amedid. Foundations of two large buildings appear above the sand, which has accumulated round them; but so imperfect are the remains, that neither plan nor dimensions could be taken with accuracy. They form two mounds, at a less distance than a mile from each other, and the stones, now rude and shapeless, differ from all others that I had ever seen in ancient or modern buildings. They are of a dull red color, and extremely porous, resembling the fretted free-stone at Alexandria, except in color only, an effect I was at first disposed to attribute to the same cause, namely, the operation of a salt and humid air; but on examining them more closely, I found this could not be, as their extraordinary hardness alone would resist the action of the atmosphere. Their porosity seems rather the effect of a former state of fusion, as it was not unlike some portions of lava, which I have seen from Mount *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*; and although those masses were without any definite shape, their smoothed surface resisted the impression of all other stones thrown on them. There are no mountains of such a substance in Egypt, that I am at all aware of; nor among all the fragments of antiquity that I have seen, do I remember any thing to which it bears a resemblance. It has certainly undergone some violent change by fire, or was originally an artificial composition.

In the *Literary Panorama* for March, 1813, in an extract from Mr. Kinnier's *Geographical Memoir* of the Persian Empire, mention is made of some curious masses, which I cannot but imagine to have resembled the ones in question. That gentleman, in describing the Pyramid of Nimrod, or Tower of Babel, as one of the remains of the ancient Babylon, says: 'On the top and sides of the mound I observed several fragments of different colors, resembling in appearance pieces of misshapen rock. Captain Frederick examined these curious fragments with much attention, and was at first inclined to think they were consolidated pieces of fallen masonry; but this idea was soon laid aside, as they were found so hard as to resist iron, in the manner of any other very hard stone, and the junction of the bricks was not to be discerned. It is difficult to form a conjecture concerning these extraordinary fragments, (some of which are six and eight feet in diameter,) as there is no stone of such a quality to be procured any where in the neighboring country, and we could see nor hear of no building of which they could form a part.' Upon this the reviewer remarks: 'It never occurred to our travellers that these could be artificial; yet we know that Mr. Wedgewood, the celebrated manufacturer of pottery, insists that the enormous masses of stone at Stonehenge are artificial, and that modern art is able to compose the like. We should be glad to know,' he continues, 'whether these Babylonian rocks bear any resemblance to the rocks at Stonehenge;

indeed, we could be glad of having a specimen of them submitted to some of our modern tests; for should both these wonderful, massive and ancient structures prove to contain such materials, artificial and alike, the coincidence would prove not merely curious, but extremely interesting, and historically important.'

A recollection of this question induced me to pursue my examinations with more scrutiny, but it only left me still more in doubt. That they were not stone, I was disposed to believe, from the characteristics which distinguished it from all other kinds that I had seen; but that they should be an artificial composition, seemed as difficult to suppose, from the want of an apparent motive for so making them, as their size was comparatively small; more particularly when I remembered that the obelisks at Luxor, the colossal Memnon at Thebes, and the column of Pompey at Alexandria, were positively and indisputably single granite blocks, hewn from the mountains beyond the cataracts, and transported down the Nile; unless, indeed, these dubious masses were the fragments of a ruder and an earlier age.

I tried every possible method to detach a piece of one of these blocks, to take with me as a specimen, but in vain; nor were we more successful in our search after some small pieces that might have been scattered round, although we sought for them in every direction.

It would be hazarding too much to say that these were the remains of antediluvian works; but I should be deficient in candor, if I did not confess that the rude irregularity of form and size in the masses themselves, the want of order in their arrangement, their present appearance, and the evident proofs one meets at every step, of the surrounding plain having been once covered by the sea, very forcibly impressed me with such an opinion on the spot. The whole of the country here looks like a ruin of nature; trees and bushes overwhelmed with sand, their tops only visible in several places, and every where the surface scattered over with broken shells and marine productions: while underneath, at the distance of a few feet, is a fine bed of earth.

Our present route through this desert was infinitely more interesting than that by which we journeyed from Cairo to Suez, and every step we took, convinced me that we trod on a soil once teeming with fertility. In some places the sand had grown into large hills, the round and smooth swellings of which were like the heaving billows that linger when a storm at sea is spent; in others, its surface was rippled by the gale of yesterday, and looked even now like the breezy wavings of a ruffled lake. At a few paces distant, we frequently lost sight of each other in those hollow valleys, like boats boarding, on the ocean, when the ships sink between the waves, and suddenly remount upon the summit of their foam. Trees and bushes were still seen in abundance, some half buried, others completely covered, and a few bared of the earth around their very roots; but, excepting a small black scarabeus, and a lizard, whose body resembled that of the toad, in shape and size, not a living creature was to be seen. Nature herself seemed abandoned by her children. The solitary raven was not even to be found, nor did the twitter of the desert-swallow once disturb this awful and impressive silence.

We travelled on for about four hours in this way, and I felt myself oppressed with melancholy, amid the reflections which the grandeur of these solitudes inspired, when we entered at length a fertile valley, placed like an island of verdure amid surrounding barrenness, where Nature had retired to an arbor of dalliance, and life and animation seemed restored. It stretched for some length from east to west, was enclosed between high mounds running in that direction, and deriving an additional charm from this powerful contrast, it appeared like a perfect garden of beauty. Here, too, we found a spring of excellent water, about five feet in depth, with several vestiges of former wells, resorted to by the desert Arabs. Gazelles and hares were in abundance; we saw also several flocks of wild ducks; and the chirping of birds in the bushes was like the music of a new creation.

It was impossible to resist the temptation of halting at so charming a spot as this, where we had water, shade, fire-wood, and herbage, all blessings of greater worth to us than crowns or diadems. We alighted, therefore, turned loose the camels and dromedaries to graze, discharged the brackish and now almost putrid water of Suez, to fill our skins afresh, prepared a fire, and feasted on a hasty pilau of boiled rice, with an appetite that kings might envy.

In resuming our journey, we continued along this narrow valley, and reached, in less than half an hour, the ruins at Abou-Keshabe. If the bed in which we had recently been travelling be considered the remains of the westerly part of the ancient canal, its breadth is here nearly double that of the bed leading from Suez to the northward, which might have been the case, since the great work of Darius is only mentioned in general terms to have been broad enough for the admission of two triremes abreast, whereas that of Ptolemy has a specific number of feet assigned, with which it precisely corresponds. The direction of this channel also corresponds exactly with the account of Herodotus, who describes it as running from west to east. The embankment on each side is here lined with trees and bushes, half buried in the sand, while the ravine formed by its deserted bed is one wild garden. Appearances certainly inclined me to believe the excavation artificial; and the want of all connecting trace between this branch and that of Suez may be owing to the overwhelming sands which intervene, and which, added to neglect, must have hastened its destruction; the difference of the soil being as much the cause of the preservation of the one, as of the annihilation of the other.

On ascending the heights of Abou-Keshabe, we saw on every side the remains of an extensive city, certainly not less than five miles in circumference, judging from the dispersion of the fragments in the plain. In the centre were the walls of small and private dwellings, not exceeding ten or twelve feet square, built of unburnt bricks, and laid with cement, in great regularity. Of these confined rooms there were a great number, and, ancient as their situation and arrangement evidently showed them to be, they only offered an additional proof that the humble citizens of antiquity were but poorly lodged, that private opulence was almost unknown, and that while the subjection of the people confined them to poverty, the privi-

leged tyrannies of royalty and priesthood exhausted both the public wealth and labor in works sacred either to government or religion.

In the southern part of the ruins, we found a large mass of rose-colored granite detached from any building, and half hidden in the earth. It appeared to be a superficial slab, of about six feet by three, and three inches thick, standing erect, after the manner of a tombstone. On its eastern face were sculptured three figures, nearly the size of life, in the sitting posture of the colossal statues at Thebes, and of those so frequently seen in the recesses of Egyptian mausoleums, with the hands extended on the knees. The central figure bore a warrior's helmet; those on each side were crowned with globes, on one of which was a fine scarabeus, with extended wings. Each of the three figures were bearded, and wore their long hair, or shawl that covered it, falling over the shoulders, and pressing the ears forward, like the Great Sphinx at Gizeh, the hero in the centre having his more highly ornamented than the others. The figures were beautifully drawn, the sculpture bold, and the relief of the fullest kind. As a detached monument, I had seen nothing like it in Egypt; but both its size and execution proved it to be the remnant of some great work, now rather annihilated than overthrown, since this is the only portion that visibly remains. Among the heaps of the adjacent ruins, we found fragments of coarse glass vessels, little more than semi-transparent, and some pieces of highly-glazed earthenware. Decayed shells, corals, and other marine productions, were abundant, and seemed to suggest that this spot, as well as that of the Serapeum, had been overflowed, either at the time of, or subsequent to, its destruction.

While wandering over the site of this fallen city, there appeared to me great reason for assenting to the opinion of Monsieur Aymé, as quoted by Lord Valentia, who thinks it the remains of the ancient Heroöpolis, as answering to the local situation of the place from whence the Hebrews departed, when they fled from Egypt, mentioned by Josephus, under the same name, (*Antiq.*, lib. 2, cap. 7,) and described as the place where the Patriarch Jacob, on his way down to Egypt, met his son Joseph; as well as by Moses, under the name of Goshen or Ramesses, where he also says that Joseph went up to meet his father Israel. That writer describes it as lying between On, or Heliopolis, and the land of Canaan. Strabo mentions it as being near to Arsinoë, and at the top of the gulf to which it gave its name. And Ptolemy describes it as lying on the confines of Arabia, with the canal of Trajan running through it. With all those descriptions, these remains actually correspond, admitting the Red Sea to have formerly flowed considerably to the north of Suez, and the remains of the canal here to be that implied by Ptolemy as the canal of Trajan, of neither of which facts, those who have visited the spot would doubt.

This chain of thoughtful speculation was, however, soon interrupted by the appearance of some Bedouin shepherds, timid boys, who were returning to their tents with the herds and flocks which they had been feeding in the valley, during the day, and who gave us the Moslem salutation of 'Salam Alaikom!' as they passed. We had

fixed on sleeping here, among the ruins of this ancient city, for the night; but learning from these Arab youths, that their camp, which they called 'El Arab,' was not far off, I was delighted with the opportunity it offered of visiting it, though all our party, except myself, were hostile to this step. Fear was their principal motive of objection, and perseverance the only weapon I could oppose it with; and for a long while it was an equal match of obstinacy, on both sides. Detaining the boys as guides, I explained to them that I was a stranger, under the protection of Phanoose: they then pressing invited us to accompany them, and as I was determined to have gone alone, rather than be diverted from my purpose, the rest of our party soon followed me.

We reached the Bedouin camp about sun-set, and our reception there was every thing that hospitality could dictate. Our hands were embraced, and the salutations of peace and welcome exchanged a hundred times; but as no one claimed the exclusive privilege of entertaining us, we were taken to a large square, formed by embankments of the soil, heightened by loose bushes, and completely sheltered from the wind, where the elders of the tribe assembled to smoke their evening pipes, recount the tales of the day, and regale such guests as business or accident might bring among them from opposite quarters.

A young kid was immediately killed, and dressed upon the embers of a brush-wood fire; the milk of goats and camels were laid before us in bowls, coffee was burned and pounded upon the spot, and the tobacco-purse of the venerable old sheik was replenished from his tent for our use. There was, in short, abundance for the hungry, rest for the weary, and security for the apprehensive traveller, to be found beneath the protecting shadow of their encampment, nor could the feasts of the ancient heroes, which Homer so happily describes, have boasted a more unbounded liberality in their provisions, or a more unadulterated hospitality in the rude simplicity of their preparation.

Delighted with a conversation which brought me acquainted with their manners, customs, and opinions, and that too from a source so satisfactory as a large assembly of themselves, in which misrepresentations could not have passed unobserved, I was happy in prolonging our interview, and in remaining awake through the greater part of the night, engaged in mutual inquiry and reply.

It would be a task of much pleasure to me to transcribe the substance of their communications; but as I propose to make the manners and customs of the Arabs, the subject of a separate article, the imperfection of a hasty sketch would be unsatisfactory here, where there is so much to describe, to comment on, to applaud, to condemn, to pity, and to admire, as in the manners of this extraordinary people. I regretted most sincerely, that the voice of duty should call me from them so soon, or I should have probably passed a month or two among them with extreme pleasure.

DESERT OF EL OUADI, FEBRUARY 25. — The flocks were driven out to pasture, with the earliest gleams of morning, and as the sun

rose with unusual serenity, it lighted up a picture of interesting novelty. The ground chosen for the encampment of this Bedouin tribe, was a gentle hollow of the plain, as it could scarcely deserve the appellation of a valley; and their tents, to the number of about three hundred, occupied a space of less than two miles in circumference. No other order was observed in their erection, than that of their being all open to the eastward, to receive the warm and cheering beams of the morning sun; in summer, when the heats are oppressive, their openings face the north, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the winds from that quarter. These low and brown habitations, formed of woven goats' hair, differing in shape, size, and manner of arrangement, and rudely supported by rough boughs of trees, and cord spun from the wool of their own flocks, were barely large enough to enclose their respective families at night, and shelter the infants and infirm in the day. Among the whole number, we met with none that covered ten square feet of ground at the base, though several of them were occupied by the husband, two wives, and fifteen or sixteen children, beside a superannuated wife or mother.

The smoke of the morning fires ascending in columns through a calm and unagitated air, the bleating of the lambs, which were carried in the shepherd's arms from tenderness, the skipping of the hardier kids, the shrill crowing of the cock, and the barking playfulness of the faithful dog, the departure of the boys with their respective flocks, and of the girls in groups, with pitchers to the wells, the busy occupation of the wives in kneading cakes of meal for the hearth, with the comparative dignity of their grave and bearded lords, presented altogether, so admirable a representation of the patriarchal life, that I found myself transported back, in imagination, to the days of the venerable Abraham, and stood in wonder at the preservation of usages and customs, so unaltered among his descendants, through years and ages, which have destroyed the haughtiest empires, created new successors, and swept away kingdoms, nations, and people, into oblivion!

On returning from our morning ramble through the Bedouin camp, we were invited into almost every tent we passed, and had partaken so largely of the hospitalities of these generous people, that we were literally unable to join in the meal which was prepared for us by the sheik and elders in the embanked circle where we had slept. Three other strangers had arrived among them, on their way from Syria to Egypt, and being from a friendly tribe, had met a reception like our own. As our routes lay together, therefore, when the rude but abundant feast of the morning was over, we exchanged the benedictions of peace with our kind entertainers, and our companions, journeying with the staff and sandals of the earliest days, we set forth upon our way together.

Steering southerly, in order to fall into the line directly west of the ruined city at Abou-Keshabe, we had scarcely crossed that line, before the traces of the ancient canal, the unconnected vestiges of which had appeared along our track at intervals, became again distinctly visible. Its bed retaining the waters of the few showers which the winter drops upon those plains, and the soil of its channel not having been overwhelmed by the sands of the desert, it was filled

with a wild and abundant verdure. Wells also were scattered through its bed, and resorted to by Bedouin women, for the supply of their flocks and camps. These united circumstances render it an attractive retreat for birds, antelopes, and hares, which we found here in considerable numbers, crossing our footsteps in all the confidence inspired by undisturbed security, until we came into the cultivated valley of El Ouadi Tomalat, where the canal appears to have entered Egypt, though cultivation has so obliterated its limits as to render all vestiges of it, beyond this union of the barren desert and the cultivated fields, imperceptible.

It was a source of high gratification to me thus to have completed a journey, undertaken for the express purpose of examining the remains of a canal, whose very existence has been disputed by some, and its completion doubted by others, notwithstanding the positive testimony of the historian, already quoted, more particularly of Herodotus — with whose description of its course out of the Nile from west to east, and then turning off southerly toward the Red Sea, its breadth sufficient to admit two trirèmes abreast, and its being so circuitous as to make its length equal to a four days' voyage — its remains so accurately correspond as to stamp a high character for veracity on the writings of that father of history.

The question as to the position of the head of the canal, or the exact point from which it led off from the Nile, can only be discussed by a comparison of the different authorities on which it rests, and arguments founded on the bearings, distances, etc., of places mentioned in them; a task which has been so satisfactorily performed by the able pen of Rennell, as to leave nothing to be added to it. The canal of Trajan, as described by Ptolemy to lead through the Egyptian Babylon, or Fostat, may, as D'Anville and Rennell suppose, be recognised in that which, after watering the city of Cairo, discharges itself into the Birket-él-Hadjî, or lake of the Pilgrims, and that of Amrou in the portion of a bed which runs to the northward of Heliopolis; but since the cultivation of the soil here, has obliterated all traces of the work of Necos which Darius continued, as far at least as to the edge of the desert, one can only say that the vicinity of its last vestiges, and their inclining line of direction to Bubastis, give every reason to believe that Herodotus and Diodorus were extremely accurate, the one in making the water to enter the canal from the Nile near Bubastis, the other from the Pelusian branch of that great stream.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

THE mind, by worldly wants and common cares
Too much incumber'd, scarce herself appears,
When Day, with all its toil and turmoil, brings,
To impede her flight, or discompose her wings,
Its idly strenuous hours, and host of trivial things.

But solemn Midnight *all* her force inspires,
Wakes all her strength, and fans her dormant fires;
Each earth-bred mist and vapor puts to flight,
Till the rapt soul, like Israel's pillar'd light,
Cloaked in a cloud by day, becomes a torch by night!

A. T. R.

HERS is a spirit cheerful as a bird's,
 Content to live within a narrow cage,
 With trills of music, charming Youth and Age:
 They stop and listen to her happy words,
 As to a sudden out-burst of rich song,
 In breathless ecstacy repressed by fear,
 Lest some rude footstep falling quickly near,
 No more the melody should float along.
 Oh, with such witching music for my own —
 So fair a minstrel with so sweet a tone —
 How, as on undulating waves of sound,
 My moments, touched by merry thoughts, would glide!
 Then come, my bird, and let thy flight be bound
 By Love's bright bars, and warble at my side!

New-York, February, 1833.

HERMION.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF JOB DOOLITTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YANKEE NOTIONS.'

JOB DOOLITTLE was a remarkable man — a very remarkable man; one of the most remarkable men of this remarkable age. He was born in the town of Dronesborough, he was brought up in the town of Dronesborough, and he died in the town of Dronesborough; in fact, he never was out of the town of Dronesborough; a circumstance sufficient of itself to mark him as an extraordinary individual; for what could induce a person, in these spirit-stirring and body-stirring times, to pass fifty-seven years within a small country village, without once setting his foot out of it? What but genius — wonderful genius!

The ancestors of Job Doolittle came from Little Pokesworth, near Piddletown, in Shropshire. They came very late to America, and the cause of their emigration cannot be ascertained. Some extraordinary circumstance must have been connected with it, as the family were never given to making long journeys, without necessity. The oldest of the family, at the time of the emigration, was Creeper Doolittle, for some time proprietor of the 'Slow Coach,' which ran between Little Pokesworth and Stopford. He was related, by the mother's side, to Major Dawdle, well known for his brilliant campaign at Mahon. Many anecdotes of others of his relatives may be found in 'Memoirs of the late Mr. Tardy.' The great grandfather of Job, by the mother's side, was the celebrated Simon Snorewell, who used to earn half a dollar a day by sleeping. Job's great uncle was Mr. Lawrence Doolittle, known in Dronesborough as 'Blind Lawrence.' He lost his sight by the rain beating upon his face through a leaky roof, while he lay in bed. Another uncle of Job, Mr. Driblett Doolittle, became famous in his native town, by performing, on one occasion, a walk without stopping, from Penny Ferry to Sleepy Hill, a distance of a mile and a half; being a feat, which had not been equalled by any one of the family, time out of mind. He married his wife after a courtship of twenty-nine years. Her name was Snail. She

was the daughter of Perriwinkle Snail, Esq., a member of the Long Parliament.

Job Doolittle, the subject of this memoir, was the son of Waitstill Doolittle and Patience Slugg. His mother was the daughter of old Tranquillity Slugg, of Lubberton. He was born at the old family mansion, in Dumpy Lane, near Standfast Corner. Job was the only child of his parents, and was born thirteen years after their marriage. His birth happened on the twenty-first day of June, being the longest day in the year. Whether this circumstance had any influence upon the formation of his character, it would perhaps be useless to inquire; but the most trivial particulars in the life of a great man are interesting. Why he came to be christened Job, is a very curious question. Some authorities say, that it was on account of its shortness, as old Waitstill Doolittle had a mortal aversion to all such superfluous expenditure of breath as is required for the pronunciation of long names. Some say one of his ancestors was called Job. Some say his father took the first name that came to hand; and others again give still more ingenious reasons. But there is so much contradictory evidence in the case, that nothing appears clearly demonstrated, except the fact that he was named Job. After all, it might have been owing to his patience in not complaining at being suffered to go for so great a length of time without a name; for it seems old Waitstill Doolittle was not able to provide his son with one, until he had attained his sixth year. Young Job was put to school at ten years of age, and made such a proficiency in his infantile studies, that he learned his alphabet in less than three years. None of the Doolittle family had ever before been known to get through it in less than five. It is interesting also to know, that he was taught by an old school-mistress named Patience Still.

The extraordinary genius of Job Doolittle displayed itself very early in his career. I need not say that his main characteristics were great forethought and circumspection, in every act of his life. He was never known to be guilty of a single rash or hasty action; and it was prophetically pronounced by his great uncle, old Creeper Doolittle, the toll-keeper at Sluggett's Bridge, that Job would be an honor to the family. This sagacious prediction was soon verified. Job was challenged by his playmates one day to a game of hop-scotch, and inquired, with great earnestness, if it was a game that could be played standing still. Being informed that it could not, he instantly refused to engage in it. Chucking marbles was a game that he was fond of; and he would have continued to play it, but for the extraordinary labor of picking up the marbles again after chucking them. Bat-and-ball he abhorred, as a most prodigal expenditure of human strength and exertion. Hide-and-seek he indulged in a good deal; but he was so much fonder of hiding than seeking, that he seldom found a boy willing to take a share in the play. He was still more fond of Old Buzzard; but he particularly excelled in a game called Pee-wit, which consists in trying who can stand still the longest.

From these indications, it is easy to perceive that our hero was a person of great deliberation in all his movements, and that he had a most philosophical indifference for those objects and pursuits which dissipate the power and energies of ardent youth by over-exertion.

Nothing could surpass the manly and stoical calmness which he manifested on many great and trying emergencies. The house in which he lived happened to take fire while he was in bed. Most people would have started up in great alarm at the first announcement of such an occurrence. Not so Job. He very sagely concluded that the fire might go out of itself, and it would be a sad waste of labor to make any hurry to extinguish it. All he did, therefore, was to thrust his elbows out of bed, from time to time, to ascertain whether the walls grew hot, knowing that there would be no absolute necessity of stirring till then. The event justified his calculations. The fire was extinguished without his assistance, and Job turned on the other side, and went to sleep.

On another occasion, he was pursued by a mad bull, and told to run for his life. Job's presence of mind and deliberation in this case were never surpassed. He very gravely turned round to the person who gave this advice, and, in a firm tone, replied, that he would 'sooner die than run.' Mark the effect of his sagacity! The bull, seeing Job stand stock still, took him for a post, and passed by without offering him an injury. On the contrary, those who ran away, only tired their legs, and put themselves out of breath. Job got a great reputation by this feat, and his reply on the occasion passed into a proverb. A great many more of Job's bon-mots are current. He was the author of the celebrated remark, 'If you 've any potatoes to dig, bring 'em on!'

Numerous anecdotes more might be related in illustration of his mental serenity, and strong attachment to steadfast habits. He was once sent into the orchard to gather apples, and not having returned, late in the day, some one went in search of him. Job was found lying on his back under an apple-tree, with his mouth open, waiting for the apples to fall in. When his father died, and Job was called upon to walk at the funeral, he replied, 'Not to-day;' implying that he might possibly attend the funeral some other time. On another occasion, as he was lying, deep in thought, in the sunshine, under the side of the barn, he was informed by a person passing by, that the pigs were nibbling at his toes, and was advised to drive them away. He very calmly raised his head, and replied, in a deliberate tone, that 'he'd see about it.' The discretion and presence of mind, also, which he manifested when he happened to fall, on a slippery day, are worthy of commemoration. He lay with perfect resignation, until he saw a passenger approach, and then, lifting up his little finger, beckoned to him with the most admirable coolness and deliberation! Such a man was surely formed for great things.

What trade he learned, what education he acquired, and what labor he performed, to lay up in his mind those great stores of wisdom for which he was celebrated, I am sorry to say cannot be ascertained. A mysterious cloud of obscurity hangs over this part of the history of Job Doolittle. The world has suffered an immense loss by the negligence and stupidity of his acquaintance, in not treasuring up the remembrance of more of the great events in which he was concerned; for, in addition to the anecdotes above related, I can record nothing respecting him, save that he was once seen driving a cow to pasture, and that one summer afternoon he caught a fly that

had been sitting upon his nose ever since the morning. The remainder of this narrative must of course be brief. Job Doolittle, after passing a long, brilliant, and highly useful career, went the way of all flesh, and was gathered to his fathers, at the age of fifty-seven.

Posterity will do him justice. Nothing remains for me but to give a sketch of his character, manners, and opinions. His character is best illustrated by the acts of his life. He was a good citizen, and a good neighbor, for his political principles never endangered the tranquillity of the state, and his daily life never disturbed the repose of the neighborhood. How few great men can say this of themselves! His manners displayed all the regularity and simplicity of a man of genius. He never missed going to bed at night, and never injured his health by going abroad too early in the morning. He was fond of exercise, and generally turned over twice in his bed every morning, for the purpose. More than this he rarely allowed himself. He thought combing his head a great waste of time; and, for the most part, dispensed with the use of buttons in his dress, from the needless labor they occasion every morning and night. His favorite food was small potatoes, placed very few in a pile. Tooth-picks he never used.

His opinions bear the stamp of genius, and are, moreover, strongly characteristic of the man. He was often importuned by his friends to engage in a more active course of life, but always replied, with a sagacious look, that it would 'be all the same a hundred years hence.' How profound, and yet how true! When told that a certain individual was trying to discover the perpetual motion, he fell into a deep reverie, and then replied, wisely shaking his head, that he 'guessed he would n't;' a prediction most remarkably justified by the event. On being informed that the earth moved round the sun, he looked hard at the speaker, and asked what was 'the use of it;' a question which, though it may appear simple, will be found very difficult to answer. He never believed in rail-roads, and always wondered why people could not be content to stay at home. When intelligence arrived, week after week, that the French were marching into Russia, he inquired, very earnestly, 'how long before they meant to stop, and set down.' The whole character of Napoleon was a perfect enigma to him. He had no decided admiration, in fact, for any great conqueror, except King Log.

Such was Job Doolittle; a man, take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. His example shows how much may be accomplished by undeviating principle, and firmness of purpose. His chief aim appears to have been, not to trouble the world, and not to let the world trouble him; a maxim worthy the sages of antiquity. This was his aim, and with a noble fortitude did he pursue it, through all the vicissitudes of his eventful career. The glory that rests upon his memory must be his reward. In the classic regions of Lubberland, altars would have smoked in his praise; but I fear the bustling, rantipole times we are now cast upon, will allow him no more lasting monument than a page of the KNICKERBOCKER. *Valeat quantum!*

T. T.

Merry-Go-nimble Court, Boston.

LINES

TO OUR SURVIVING REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

I.

Worn remnant of a noble band,
 Fast dwindling to decay,
 Preservers of our blessed land,
 In its most gloomy day ;
 Our wealth, our glory, and our fame,
 Our ransom from the tyrant claim,
 That ranked us with the slave,
 We owe to you, time-honored race,
 And those your mates, whose dwelling-place
 Is now the narrow grave.

II.

When summoned by the war-trump's breath,
 Ye spurned the monarch's chain,
 Ye bravely faced the frown of death,
 And bore the sting of pain ;
 Ye staked your all upon the die,
 'Freedom and Truth,' your battle-cry,
 With courage strong and rare ;
 Justice your armor, God your shield,
 Ye triumphed on the battle-field,
 And your rewards are — where ?

III.

Behold a people great and free,
 While smiling on the land,
 Fair Plenty leads Prosperity,
 And Hope extends her hand,
 And decks the mist with colors bright,
 That hides the future from our sight ;
 Behold the once-red swords,
 Turned into plough-shares ; and the earth
 Look fair as Eden at its birth ;
 Oh ! are not *these* rewards !

IV.

Rewards that patriots only earn,
 And value as they ought ;
 Patriots whose hearts with high thoughts burn,
 Of what their blood has bought ;
 And not unmindful all are we,
 Bold pioneers of Liberty !
 Of what your toil has won ;
 Your triumphs cannot be forgot,
 While there remains a single spot
 Freedom may call her own.

V.

Her race is equal with your fame,
 Where'er her altars rise,
 Bearing the purest, brightest flame,
 E'er kindled 'neath the skies ;
 There shall your memories still be dear,
 And there shall many gather near,
 To hear the glorious tale,
 How our bold fathers bravely fought,
 And Virtue won the meed she sought,
 While Tyranny grew pale !

Hartford, (Conn.,) February, 1838.

LE CHANSONNIER.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE SECOND.

'AND then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school.'

WHEN people have much to say, they say little. When men utter great truths, they use few words. All remarkable compositions, those that have sunk deep into the common ear, and gained universal consent, have been short. The Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Parables of Christ, the Christian Armor, Gray's Elegy, and the Declaration of American Independence, are perhaps the most full words ever uttered; to which we beg leave to add these 'sayings' of the immortal Shakspeare. The imperative form of speech is the shortest. In the 'fitness of things,' it is ordered that our necessary knowledge should be conveyed, *possibly*, in few terms. Our imperative duties may be summed up in a phrase, and the whole Christian religion is often embodied by the sacred writers in a single verse. The writer who is filling volumes, will often delight to condense his subject in an aphorism. The story-teller, who writes his tale to illustrate a single principle, will frequently sum up his moral in a sentence, and then spread it out over an hundred pages; as children play with sand, and cards, and putty. There is great use in this manner; because we best apprehend a part, by seeing the whole, and the whole, too, by seeing it piecemeal.

The most influential men in a town or village, are rarely great talkers; on the contrary, they are remarkable for their taciturnity and sententiousness. People mistrust both the soundness and sincerity of word-pilers. The maxim, that a barking dog will not bite, here finds a meaning. If a man have a bad cause, he generally makes a long speech, more in the hope that he *may* say something, than because he knows he has any thing *to say*, satisfactory. This is not written to condemn all lengthiness; but to find the philosophy of conciseness: otherwise, how could we have the face to proceed in our 'reading'?

From the history of infancy, our author turns gladly. He lingered an 'age' with its pains, and its story being told, he refreshes his spirit with contemplations of boyhood. The 'muling infant' vanishes, and the boy, with his shining face, leaps out. With all his restraints, jacket covered with buttons, stiff shirt collar, and pantaloons, (unnatural! if tight, oh! horrible!) he cannot help bearing about him the marks of joy. The blood mantles in his cheeks; and those locks which the sun curls, as it curls the tendrils of the vine, hang about his dewy forehead, and cluster on his head, with a grace that defies the skill of art. 'He creeps like snail to school.' He makes little progress onward, but his sideways excursions are numerous. He stops to listen to the song of birds, or he chases the butterfly with his hat. His eyes, liquid with health and pleasure, are turned on every side. 'He seems to drink the morning.' The flowers beckon him; the shadows court him; sunlight, air, and fragrant breeze, entice him. His boat is on the stream, or his feet are on the ice. Summer or

winter, he is at home with his freedom under the sky. He catches the snow-flakes as they fall, or bares his head to the warm shower. What does he care for his new jacket, and clean white trowsers, on the green grass! He hates to go to school. All nature is talking to him, with her thousand voices, and he goes 'unwillingly' from such delightful conversation. See the little chip-birds cock their eyes at him from the stone-wall, and the squirrel peep out to see who whistled. They know their man; they will not be caught, but only just keep out of his way as they run along, as if to challenge him to a frolic. Who would love to go to school from such delightful play-mates!

But go he must. He whines as he swings his green satchel over his shoulder, and thinks of the severe brow that will reprove his tardiness; but his face shines; he cannot help it. And here we would sympathize, retrospectively, with the poor victims of the old regimen. Oh, thou old tyrant; thou executioner; thou ear-twister till the blood ran; thou cruel-pated schoolmaster, thou —! Yes, thou wert all these, and many more hard names; and yet a tear drops for thee, too. Thy duty was to whip. It was the spirit of thy age. Kings whipped their subjects; the clergy whipped their people. Fear governed in the court, the church, and in the school. Liberty had not dawned. Man did not know his dignity. How many gentle minds were crushed, how many bosoms torn, under that lachrymal system! What disgust for books, what black revenge and bursting rage, did that 'whining school-boy with his satchel' feel? The seed was sown. Perhaps he whipped his fag; beat his dog; in a rage, wrung the neck of his pet robin. Lord Byron kept a bear in college. This was a cutting satire. The conceit he got at school. Those were days when every school could boast its bully, and set-fights were recreation. Young lords drove the stage-coach, and squirted tobacco-juice through their front teeth; horse-jockeys grew rich, and high example made every vice appear respectable, as the world goes. These were the fruits of the iron age of school-masters.

Then followed the age of bronze — of brass and pretension. Young masters and misses were flattered into being spoiled, and their parents cajoled into permitting it. This was the time of the French revolution; a time that turned at large into the world a set of men and women, who, having proved that they had not sense to maintain a government of their own, undertook the task of directing and governing the rising generations of other countries. Short petticoats, bare bosoms, high heels, flaring bonnets, false hair, false teeth, *et id omne genus*, followed, as a natural consequence. To these were added, for variety, impassioned correspondence upon blue paper; sudden marriages and births; platonic attachments, and atheism. Still, the youth went 'unwillingly to school.' There was no heart, no soul, in all this.

Now is the age of simplicity. Learning has put off its wig, and ostentation is ridiculous. All men, whether pupils or professors, acknowledge their ignorance. Humility has exalted the human mind, and a practical illustration is given to the text, that, 'he who humbleth himself shall be exalted.' Man has, by this path, gained the height whence he may survey the wide ocean of Truth; and like the

great Copernicus, he feels that he has, as yet, only been playing with the pebbles on its margin.

He who dwells in the valley, has a narrow scope, and all things seem near and familiar; but as he climbs the mountain, his vision widens; he sees distant and unknown objects, and is soon lost in infinity. He returns to his valley wiser and better than before. What before seemed far, is now comparatively nothing. The distance between himself and those he thought his inferiors is removed. And this is the philosophy of human equality and true democracy. The greatest man in a republic feels himself the friend and brother of the poorest and weakest.

The true teacher, then, is the companion, the friend, the learner, with his pupil. He impresses him with the boundlessness of knowledge, and the infinite capacities of the human soul; and not forgetting to point to the Source of all wisdom, and our dependence upon Him for this privilege of using this great power of understanding his creation, there grows in the young mind a religion of the intellect, which habit will, in time, convert into a religion of the heart. And now the boy goes not so 'unwillingly to school.'

Still, all children go 'unwillingly' to the school our Shakspeare meant, though many never see the inside of a school-house. All go 'unwillingly' about set tasks. Boyhood is always longing to pursue the bent of its own bright fancies. They love to clan together for excursions in the woods, where they may 'lay along,' and tell stories of fairies and genii; or indulge in dreams about the future, when they shall be men and women; feel natural wonder at the world they inhabit, by a mystery, or in the wild consciousness of life, play such antics before high heaven, as make the angels smile.

'Behold the child among his new-born blisses!
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment of his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art:
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not belong
Ere this be thrown aside,
And, with new joy and pride,
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage,'
With all the persons down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage:
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.'

The boy comes, 'trailing clouds of glory.' He is the bearer of a spirit newly lighted by his Maker. He is 'nature's priest,' and he surrenders not willingly the duties of his order. The plan, the arrangement, of the social fabric is not understood by him. He is for worshipping at another shrine than the world's idols. He loves nature, not with a sickly and strained sentimentality, like a *would-be* poet, nor seeks her for relief from the palling sensualities of dissipation. He does not bring to her a heart broken by pictures of human

wickedness and misfortune, nor a mind blunted by pursuits of gain, and selfish ambition. No; he loves her as his mother, his teacher, his play-mate; because he feels glad in her society; nor does he ask why? Her influences are upon him; these he never can forget nor outlive. The dross of sense, the business of a whole life, cannot obliterate these traces on his soul. He may, nay must, 'fall away' from the *grace* of his boyhood, but the 'visions splendid' that 'attended' round his early years, will be remembered for ever.

Who has never asked himself the question, 'Why do we lose the purity, the sincerity, the generosity, of boyhood? Why do we grow hard and wicked, as we grow old?' Or is it a mere poetic license, by which men are represented as insincere, selfish, ungrateful, irreligious? The robber, the murderer, these are the bad. They are bad, who commit crimes from sudden temptation or passion; they who are educated in brothels, and trained to steal, by needy parents; not the insincere, for insincerity is fashionable; and every body is selfish; and irreligion follows, as a matter of course. Send us not to books of theology, to quarreling sectaries, for the solution of this mystery; recommend us not to a theory that makes even the infant a sinner: there is but *one* solution, and that is, that man seems sent on earth to suffer the pains of sin, which we contend all do suffer, that he may be able to appreciate and enjoy heaven.

Yes, the bright fancies of boyhood will vanish! To live at all in an imperfect world, he must resort to the usual machinery. He must be harnessed into this life, and so he goes unwillingly to school. Sometimes he escapes the pain of outliving his pure happiness, and is translated, with all his heavenly beauty, to the skies. The young die often; cut off in the very bloom of existence. Inscrutable Providence! To this fate they go not 'unwillingly.' Before their departure, they assume an awful beauty. The skin becomes almost transparent, wax-like; the color heightens on their cheeks; and in them, death is beautiful.

A circumstance lately came to my knowledge, too impressive to allow me to omit it here. A little boy, seven years of age, and in no wise remarkable among other children, was taken suddenly ill. He grew worse fast; soon his physician gave him up, and said he must die. The child seemed aware that he was dying. This conclusion was drawn, not from any thing he said, but he began to manifest an unusual tenderness toward his parents; would often call them to his bedside, and ask them if he had been much trouble to them; if he had been a good child, and if they supposed God loved him. He wished to know of his mother, if he had told any falsehoods lately, and said he knew he had never taken God's name in vain. His parents are religious people, but they do not show their piety in that outward ceremony which is apt to strike the mind of a child, and make him think that the service of his Creator is a matter of words; which fact should be known, to put the right construction upon these remarks. The child had been educated as a Christian should be.

He asked often for music, and wished a sister, a few years his senior, to sing 'The last link is broken' to him. He said the lines made him feel happy. This request he repeated several times a day, until he died. Only the day before his death, he asked to see his

younger sister, a little girl of four years of age. She came to his bedside, and he requested his mother to place her beside him, her cheek next his own. She did so, and he clasped his arms about her, in a long embrace, and then said, 'Now let little sister go.' After she was removed from the room, he said: 'Little Mary's cheek is rosy and sweet; but she, dear mother, is to stay with you.' He seemed satisfied with this leave-taking, and would not see her again. All this time he said nothing of dying, and no one spoke to him upon the subject. He suffered little pain, and never complained. His countenance grew more angelic every hour. His manner and speech were those of an affectionate young man, rather than of a child. He bade adieu to his father and mother, as if just starting on a common journey; and in this remarkable manner he was received into the arms of his Father in heaven. There is no doubt, in the minds of all who saw him die, that he is now alive, purified from the body, escaped from those afflictions by which other beings must reach heaven. Most strongly do such scenes persuade us of the reality of an hereafter. Putting revelation entirely out of the question, who could see such a departure, and not believe in a world of spirits? As a bird let loose from its cage, loiters for an instant to bid adieu to the home it has enjoyed so long, and the kind hand that, as far as it could, has supplied its wants, ere it mounts in the air, persuaded to stay, and yet compelled by its nature to go, so, as the body loses its hold over the mind, does the soul linger for a moment amid its mortal attachments; but, impelled by its higher affections, it expands, and pants, and rises to its native heaven; for 'from God we come.'

And this is a faithful transcript of our reading of the second chapter of our 'History.'

A FATHER'S TRIBUTE.

COPIED, BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER, FROM A MONUMENT IN A LONDON CHURCH-YARD.

BY RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on Heaven thine unreverted eye!

O! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which *CHRIST*'s atoning blood hath wash'd away!)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress,
Mount, sinless spirit! to thy destined rest!
While I, revers'd our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb!

ASPIRATION.

AN EXTRACT: BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Our souls have wings; their flight is like the rush
 Of whirlwinds, and they upward point their way,
 Like him who bears the thunder, when the flush
 Of his keen eye feeds on the dazzling ray:
 He claps his pinions in the blaze of day,
 And gaining on the loftiest arch his throne,
 Darts his quick vision on his fated prey,
 And, gathering all his vigor, he is gone,
 And in an instant grasps his victim as his own.

We soar as proudly, and as quickly fall;
 This moment in the empyrean, then we sink,
 And wrapping in the joys of sense our all,
 The stream that flows from heaven we cannot drink,
 But we will lie along the flowery brink
 Of pleasure's tempting current, till the wave
 Is bitter and its banks bare, then we think
 Of what we might have been, and, idly brave,
 We take a short weak flight, and drop into the grave!

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER TEN.

I LEFT New-Orleans, determining to bury myself in the west. But the western states I could not endure. Except in the large trading places, every thing was new, and wild, and lawless; the most sacred ties of society were disregarded, the most open irreligion countenanced. Without any of the refinements of life, any of those institutions which hold society in a state of civilization, men took the law into their own hands, revenged their own wrongs, and the strongest in body overcame the strongest in mind. The squatter was as ill defined in his moral feelings, as he was in his land; and though such characters may appear quite interesting, when described in books, and painted as wild rovers of the woods, enjoying a primitive and natural independence, yet the actual contact with such society, though it may gratify the curiosity of the traveller, can furnish little inducement for a prolonged acquaintance.

I know of no task so difficult as that which the emigrant from the polished inhabitants of the east has to contend with, in going into the western states. I do not mean into the cities of the west, where may be found all the refinements the most fastidious can desire, but into the heart of the country, where he will find himself surrounded by a population struggling for a bare subsistence; undergoing sickness and death by change of climate. Here you may see a family suddenly deprived of its head, and a poor widow with a large family, and a few hundred acres of wild land, sinking beneath the load of her misfortunes. And the west, too, furnishes the widest scope for

all kinds of imposition; lawyers without conscience, doctors without knowledge or experience, and ministers without education, all grinding their subsistence out of the people, by trick and quackery, for there is a quackery of religion here.

I am getting into a subject broad enough to furnish matter for volumes. I could tell how, (though the west in point of land, climate, etc., is the most important part of these United States, and is destined at some future day to be a garden of beauty,) our western states have got to go through the mill of gradual improvement; how men, when removed from the shade of their paternal trees, the influences of early habits, and revered examples, retrograde; how injuriously the members of society act upon each other, where the field is so wide, the knowledge of character so imperfect, and the standard of character itself so vaguely drawn, and when the object with many is only to acquire a fortune in the shortest space possible; how such a state of things operates upon the rising generation, where parents have no permanent location, and attend little to the establishing of schools for their instruction; all these are questions of large scope.

Any one who has been in the western country, knows there are hundreds looking back to their native hills, with regret that they ever left them. They took the fever of emigration, and it has left them torpid and weak. There is no relief; they cannot return if they would. '*Hic labor*;' the journey would cost them all the land they possess.

The gentleman, the man of taste, the ennuied follower of pleasure, takes his tour, upon his ambling pony, through this country; his saddle is stuffed, and so is his belly, for he carries a purse richly filled; he is delighted to see the Indians, and the caves, and the noble lakes, and every thing so new and striking. Constantly passing from place to place, and meeting with much attention, he forms a favorable opinion of the country, and the happiness of the people; for he is excited, and they are pleased at seeing and talking with him; and they, too, are bent upon making the best of a bad bargain. *Ecce!* — the fox who cut off his tail. Well! of course he keeps a journal, and must, to render it readable, throw a little poetical license into his descriptions. The letters are published, and meet the eye of the quiet, contented farmer, whose thoughts have hitherto been bounded by the fences of his farm. He reads of thirty bushels of wheat to the acre; land tilled without manure; beautiful rivers, extensive prairies; plenty of wild game; rail-roads, steamboats, delicious climate, 'perfect paradise;' in a little while, if his neighbor takes the same bait, and he can find any one to *wonder* with, he gets perfectly be-deviled; sells his farm, and packing up his old carts and wagons, and loose pieces of iron, he starts for Illinois, or Michigan, or some other El Dorado, in a short time to lament that he ever forgot the adage of his father and grand-father, 'Look before you leap.'

The 'Great West,' as it is called, offers no great inducement to the man whose fortune is already acquired, unless, like Blennerhasset, he has the means of creating a garden in the midst of the wilderness, and his means and habits make him entirely independent of

others. To the idler, it is an uncomfortable place; for an idler cannot have character, where every body is industrious.

Though I was delighted with my jaunt up the noble Mississippi, along the fertile shores of Arkansas, to the sloping banks of the Ohio, when I arrived at Pittsburg, and got fairly into the state of Pennsylvania, I made a vow never to leave it.

Flint's 'Valley of the Mississippi' makes any mention of this region unnecessary. That is a book only equalled, in the truth and vividness of its descriptions, by its style and elegance of diction. And, speaking of this writer, perhaps he ranks among the first of American authors, take him all in all. Who could have written 'Arthur Clenning,' if not Flint—a man who has travelled, and thought, and seen, and moralized, from facts? This work is full of imagination, of the daintiest kind; and yet it is so tempered with good, plain, common sense, and the flights of fancy are so well woven in, that they seem necessarily to belong to the story. The moral effect of this book is one of its chief excellencies. In Arthur Clenning is drawn the better sort of yankee, by a series of necessities and rebuffs trained into the highest of human characters, in thought and action. His wife, petted from her birth, and every attempt being made to spoil her, likewise, by a series of misfortunes, as they seemed, becomes a woman in sense and conduct, and discards the fripperies of her early education.

The scenes in the island are worked up with a great deal of beauty; and the marriage, the scruples of her sex, the struggles of her pride of birth, lurking in her heart, against the steward, and gradually overcome by a sense of his worth and manliness, and natural nobility, and by love, that contemner of all rule, and the voyage—all show the pen of a master. The book ends, very properly, in the perfect happiness of all parties. Men never fail, when they act upon such principles as Arthur Clenning. No, men seldom fail in any laudable and rational undertaking, unless by their own fault—minor faults, perhaps, which none but themselves know: hence we so often see experiments repeated, which to the world seem to have been sufficiently tested.

Wherever the pen of the author of 'Arthur Clenning' is exercised, it is for the sake of literature, a national literature. I do not know Mr. Flint; I never saw him; but he strikes me as one of the most powerful writers of our country. I am under the influence of no prejudice, if I am wrong in my opinion. I only wish to let the world know what effect such works have upon me; a better specimen of popular feeling, than though I were a professed writer myself. All the praise in the world from our literati, would not insure success to a writer, if his work did not take with the people at large. Flint's works are read by the people; and Arthur Clenning lays with Robinson Crusoe, on the scanty shelf of the log house.

How fortuitous is even literary reputation! How many men have died without hearing a note from that trumpet which has since sounded their names all over the reading world! Happy is the man who gets into the habit of being read! Irving is still read; it is the fashion to admire him, and a very good fashion; but Dana's Idle Man is little known. How many read the latter, and feel with him; but

they dare not talk of him, and recommend him, for they risk something — and he has not yet become the fashion.

John Q. Adams wrote a clever poem, but it did not take, because he had been president. The world thought that the president's poem must be better than any poem ever written, to be good for any thing at all. Men of opposite politics condemned it, because they disliked the political Mr. Adams, and some, because they disliked his father; and so the world goes. Channing is not extensively read, because he is a Unitarian. Byron was read, because he separated from his wife, and wore his shirt collar open, and had curly hair, and drank gin, and lived with a beautiful countess, and was unhappy. Coleridge was not read much, though a very great poet, until we got to love him through Charles Lamb. If Sam Patch had written a book, it would have sold well. If Gen. Jackson were to write a very sensible book, it would ruin him as a chieftain. How would Rob Roy strike us, represented sitting in an arm-chair, reading a book? Canning, who might have been the first satirist in England, had the sense to know that he could not wear the laurel and the oak at the same time. Bulwer has lost in respect, since he got into parliament; and it would seem that a lawyer never could have written 'Ion.' Who likes to contemplate Scott as clerk? The most practical and busy men are undoubtedly the most useful writers; but we have not yet got so far as to be able to view a fine writer as one not inspired by a divine gift—a kind of medicine-man, or sorcerer. But I forget that I am in the land of the Quakers.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE land of William Penn is the only soil not purchased by the blood of the natives. A feeling of peace came over me, as I thought of this, and called to mind the scene where he is represented as treating with the Indians. The design is magnificent.

How firm must have been the principles of that man! What a religion that must be, which fortifies a man to go without armor or shield into the midst of a savage tribe, relying upon the efficacy of his own purity of purpose, and the dignity of his sentiments, to protect him! How much is such heroism beyond the daring of the warrior! The one is moral, the other is physical courage. Is there in all history a character that approaches nearer to the character of Christ than his? His weapons were meekness and love; he went about doing good; he endured adversity with patience, and would have suffered martyrdom for his faith. His fame is the purest fame; there is not a blot upon his character. His principles the principles of peace, which are getting to be the principles of the whole civilized world. Thus much he was in the advance of his age. As I touched the soil of Penn, I determined to seek out a home in some community of Friends.

The Quakers have been the salvation of this state. Philadelphia owes almost every thing to them. The order of its streets is a Quaker emblem; its fine market is supplied by them, and consumed by them; for though not hard drinkers, they are large eaters.

This sect has flourished, and continues to exist, in spite of party disputes. It must be expected that they will undergo change, like the rest of the world. They are in some measure losing the cantism of their language, and the apparent cantism of their dress; but they lose nothing in their principles. Peace and good will, brotherly love, charity, quietness of life, thoughts by themselves; seasons when God enters and pervades the soul with love — for 'God is love.'

The attention this people pay to the education of their children, is a noble feature in their system. The kind of discipline they put them under, sends them into the world sound thinking men. They attend but little to the ornamental parts of education; they devote their time chiefly to the mathematics and the natural sciences; and nearly the same is pursued by both boys and girls. They are the best surveyors and astronomers in the land.

The women of Pennsylvania act conspicuous parts in the drama of life. Quaker women and Dutch women, they labor; they relieve their husbands from much troublesome small matter; such as taking entire care of the house and children; cultivating the sauce-garden; tending the shop, while the man is making the articles to be sold; going to market, if necessary, and scolding the assistants; for servants are unknown among the Quakers, and the Dutch help themselves.

In the valley of the Susquehannah and Schuylkill, the richest land in the state, the Friends have created almost a paradise. The whole face of the country is a succession of farm after farm, cultivated with the neatest care. Your eye is cheered, as you pass through this delightful region, with villages full of plenty, and all the externals of happiness. You are now stopping, lured by the coolness of the shade and the rurality of the scene, beneath a group of locusts and elms. A low, plain building stands modestly a little farther on, as if it had set itself down there, to escape the noise, and dust, and observation, of the traveller. It is the Friend's place of worshipping God. If you enter it, you will find a neat array of pine seats, washed as white as a plained board; the floor sanded, the windows clear and transparent. You are charmed with the elegance of the strictest simplicity.

'Wouldst thou know,' says the thoughtful 'Elia,' 'what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; an unit in aggregate; a simple in composite; come with me into a Quaker's Meeting. Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory! My spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewsbury. I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your

heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you; for ye sat betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scouring of church and presbytery. I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, when he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and 'the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet.'

Surely, no place can be so fit in which to approach God, as that where, by the absence of all art and pompous decoration, our minds can rest without effort upon Him alone. The Saviour went into a mountain to pray; but as, for social purposes, and the effect of example, we worship together, we necessarily use some house; but it were better it were never so simple. Kirke White says:

'Go thou to the house of prayer,
I to the woodlands will repair.'

Perhaps there could not be a place where the mind would be more forcibly struck with the idea of an overruling Providence, than in a desert, with the stars shining brightly over head, and not a sound or object meeting the senses. A *man* kneeling upon the sand, with head uncovered, and hands raised to heaven, in supplicance, is to my mind a scene perfectly devout. Man, in such a case, offers the nearest appearance of what he is, in comparison with God. On the one hand, there is a being sitting upon his throne among the stars, governing all things by the arm of his will; on the other, a speck of creation, without power, save what he derives from the goodness of his Maker; the one is all majesty, and glory, and might; the other all weakness and want. Surrounded by luxury, rolling in wealth, and the purchased ensigns of command, man thinks himself a God. What a fool!

Wherever the Quakers are numerous, or sufficiently so to form a distinct class in society, they make every thing plain about them. Their neighbors fall into their ways, attend their meetings, first from curiosity, then from choice, and gradually become converts to their belief and habits, because they find so much happiness creeping over them unawares, from their intercourse with this simple people. I doubt very much if they ever attempt the act of proselytism, any farther than by the effect of their example. I doubt very much, if any American can say, that he ever heard a Quaker commence a religious discussion, or which is the same thing, a barbarous reviling of all who differ from him in opinion. Meet them where you will, in steam-boats, in stages, in hotels, in the streets, on their farms, or in their counting-houses, you will ever find them the same upright, independent, hospitable, charitable, unassuming people. No; their converts are made by labors of love; their whole lives are spent in love to all mankind.

I was a stranger, and they took me in; sick and desponding, and they consoled me. Despair gave place to hope, and peace once more reigned in my heart. Thanks, ten thousand thanks, to thee, inestimable friend! Would to God I could but see your face once more!

It was in a small settlement of this quiet sect, that I fixed my residence. Chance determined my choice. I was travelling on foot, and one evening about sunset, after journeying all day through a rather uninviting district of Dutch settlers, none of whom knew enough English to direct me on my road, I came to a pleasant little village, on the banks of the river — . Stopping upon the eminence that overlooked the scene, I was enjoying the prospect before me, and indulging in such thoughts as occur to a jaded and unhappy mind, when it contemplates the externals of that peace it vainly seeks in excitement and change ; and I suppose I said or sung aloud :

‘How calm could I rest in thy bosom of shade !’

when a voice, close by me, said :

‘Thee is weary, friend ; hast travelled far ? I will show thee a place to refresh both body and mind, if thee has a taste for flowers and shade, as would seem by thy rhyme.’

When I looked at the face of the speaker, I did not much wonder at the familiarity of his introduction, for he seemed to have ‘Friend to the whole human race’ stamped upon his features. He was a tall, well-made man, of about fifty ; dressed with extreme neatness and care. Although strictly Quaker in his garb, the cloth of his coat was of the finest texture, and his hat had that peculiar air of wealth, being of the finest beaver, and a little turned up behind, from his collar, as if he was accustomed to look up rather than down. He wore a cane, and had a basket upon his arm, filled with wild flowers, taken with the root.

After I had thanked him for his offer, and accepted his invitation, as we walked to the village, he continued his remarks :

‘We have no inn in the village, as this is not a teaméd road ; but thee could have found a welcome, if thee wished it, with any one. We are glad not to be troubled with the noise of a tavern in our place, for they beget sottishness and idleness. A man can always go to an inn with a ‘fip’ in his pocket, and find a welcome, when he could find one no where else. People will always be industrious, when they cannot find a place to be idle in, and company to be idle with. Idleness is the root of all evil ; and so I have taken to gardening, to employ the time my boys and girls spare me. These flowers will soon plume themselves along side the buds and blossoms in my garden. I love my garden. Does thee like plants ?’

A little posed with my new acquaintance, (for I had never encountered a Quaker before,) I thought it prudent to take all as a matter of course, and so I talked on with my friend of an hour’s standing, as if I had been his son and companion for years. And it did not require much effort to do this ; for my heart warmed with reciprocal kindness toward the good man, who had given so pleasant a train to my thoughts, and so kind a welcome to my weariness.

My companion seemed the factotum of the place. Every one we met had something to ask of him, and he appeared the general dispenser of all kinds of advice. In short, I found myself in the company of the most celebrated preacher of the day, in the denomination to which he belonged.

The house, at which we soon arrived, was delightfully situated on

a gentle declivity, falling to the river. Large pine trees, the tallest I ever saw, except in the forest, shaded the front yard. In the garden, which stretched behind the house to a considerable distance, every plant was of the kind which grows wild in the fields. Every thing about the establishment bore the marks of domestic cultivation.

I was shown, soon after my arrival, to a room, furnished with all the conveniences for removing the marks of my dusty journey. Water flowed into my basin by turning a cock, and linen, white as snow, was at hand to dry my skin. All was convenient and luxurious, without the display of expense, or a prodigal misuse of the gifts of God.

Summoned by my attentive host to the tea-table, I found the board surrounded by a bevy of healthy children, all ready to take their places. His wife, and a young woman of eighteen, made up the company. 'Thee is welcome, friend,' said the matron; and the young lady bent her head, in token of welcome. There was no introduction; no affected cordiality; no studied courtsey; no looking-glass graces. The children did not stare, nor appear awkward. The hospitality of my entertainer was too common to excite surprise.

Our repast was such as an epicure might envy; and still it was healthy and simple. Fruits of all kinds, appropriate to the season, milk in a variety of forms, and bread, such as Pennsylvanian wheat alone produces, with the help of Quaker cooks, made up a meal nutritious and agreeable.

The humorist among the Quakers, is a very common character. Free from the trammels which bind the majority of the world, by the ties of custom, fashion, and regard for the multitude, the Friend finds himself born to so remarkable a situation, so severed from these restraints, that he gains, or rather is born to, a great degree of moral courage; and he does what his fancy dictates, within his ideas of what is right, fearlessly and independently.

WILLIAM GARRETS, the name of my new acquaintance, possessed wealth enough to place him above want, and a mind that was too active to slumber idly upon down. Having lost all his children, except the young lady I have noticed, he connected his duty and his pleasure, in devoting much of his time in training the minds of his adopted children, who were mostly the offspring of poor parents, in a distant part of the country. Selected by an eye formed to judge correctly of physical endowments, they amply repaid his labor and his care, by their fine intellectual progress, and their interest in his plans. A happier family never blessed the hearth of man, as it seemed to me. They were so young when he took them under his care, that they were not humbled by a sense of dependence, but really loved him like a father; and he in turn, as he confessed to me, felt all the true affection for them that he could have felt for children of his own.

His house and grounds were arranged for the purpose of his children. The upper part of the former was thrown into a large hall, for exercise in bad weather. This hall extended through the whole length of the lower story, and looked out into a garden;

and when the doors were open, and the breeze passed through, it came loaded with the perfume of flowers and fruits.

The minds of those enjoying such pure pleasures, and sucking wisdom from the lips of such a man, were chaste without effort, and elevated, not so much from enthusiasm as from nature. Knowing nothing mean, seeing nothing vulgar, hearing nothing vile, with bodies healthy by constitution, and preserved by simple habits, uncontaminated by falsehood and excitement, fresh as the flowers that bloomed by their feet, and innocent as the birds that waked their morning dreams, they realized to their instructor the theory, so abused by bigotted 'orthodoxy,' but now spreading widely over our country, that man is *not* wholly vile by nature.

'I consider health of body,' said he, 'equally a matter of education with the mind. You may educate a child to be a drunkard, by giving him dainties in his youth, injuring the tone of his stomach, and creating an unnatural appetite. Such a child, when he grows up, never will be satisfied with simple food. His nature, his acquired habit, will be, to crave stimulants; and, unless he possess a strong mind, and circumstances are favorable, he will prove a victim to his stomach. The world is mistaken upon the subject of intemperance, in my opinion. I believe it a *disease*; and by this view, I am enabled to account for ten thousand of brilliant and noble souls, that fall powerless under its ravages. To create a drunkard, you must, in the first place, destroy his natural stomach; and to reform one, you need something else than mere abstinence. Nature cannot well hold out, if unassisted. It is asking too much of him whose soul and energies are already wasted. No; he needs care and medicine; medicine for his mind and medicine for his body. On this account, I have paid great attention to the physical education of my adopted children; taking care that they always breathe pure air, and that their blood should never stagnate for want of exercise.'

The Quakers view all derelictions in the 'world's people,' as they call all without their own class, as the result of their faulty education. They have much charity for the errors of the young of other denominations; and indeed a very reasonable feeling for all errors, in young and unformed minds. They believe that vice and misery grow out of the fashions — the innocent fashions, to appearance — of a pleasure-loving world. They attribute the errors and vices of men to the seeds their parents sow in their infancy. Is not this the truth? Whence the contamination of the city? Because *there* are the allurements held out to the young, to distract their minds, and make them loathe simplicity and quiet. There are held out the food for the passions of our nature, not intended to be called out until age has given prudence to counteract their injurious impulses, but which, by an early and fatal precocity, prove bane and poison to our city youth. Ask young men themselves, in those hours of sickness, and pain, and solitariness, which always come to the followers of pleasure, to remind them of the darker lot which awaits them, and they will tell you of the rock on which they split. They can trace the steps of their progress; they have never outgrown the early lessons of their childhood; they know what virtue is, and they love it in the abstract; but the force of temptation has been too great for them,

and they have fallen, 'blessed with the best capacity of doing right,' victims to the allurements of the world.

Now the Quakers know all this, for though not of the world, they are still in it, surrounded by its contagions, and disgusted by its frivolity. Hence their charity for the errors of the young, viewing them rather as diseases they could hardly have avoided, than as voluntary acts of evil. People generally do not know what good these kind folks do. How many hearts they fortify; how many souls they save; how many dissolute they reform; what blessings they scatter over the hills of Pennsylvania!

THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

SOORN'd by the self-same ditty, see
The infant and the sire;
That smiling on the nurse's knee,
This weeping by the fire;
Where, unobserved, he finds a joy
To list its plaintive tone,
And silently his thoughts employ
On sorrows all his own.

At once it comes, by memory's power,
The loved habitual theme,
Reserved for twilight's darkling hour,
A voluntary dream;
And as, with thoughts of former years,
His dimming eyes o'erflow,
None wonder at an old man's tears,
Or seek his grief to know.

Think not he dotes, because he weeps;
Conclusion ah how wrong!
Reason with Grief joint empire keeps,
Indissolubly strong;
And oft in age a helpless pride
With jealous weakness pines,
To second infancy allied,
And every wo refines.

How busy now his teeming brain,
Those murmuring lips declare;
Scenes never to return again,
Are represented there.

* * *

He ponders on his boyish years,
When first his race began,
And oh, how wonderful appears
The destiny of man!
How swift those gladsome hours were past,
In darkness closed how soon!
As if a winter's night o'ercast
The brightest summer's noon.

His withered hand he lifts to view,
With nerves once firmly strung,
And scarcely can believe it true
That ever he was young!
And as he thinks o'er all his ills,
Disease, neglect, and scorn,
Strange pity of himself he feels,
Thus aged and forlorn.

Scotland.

JOHN GALT.

LINES TO A POET.

WRITTEN NEAR TRINITY CHURCH-YARD, NEW-YORK.

Oh what a priceless mine of wealth within thee hoarded lies!
 True lofty thought, sweet tenderness, and gentlest sympathies,
 Like precious gems, are flashing up from their deep treasure-cells,
 Through the pure waters of that fount, which from thy soul out-wells;
 Thy words have waked a silent chord, firm in my bosom strung,
 To thrilling melody, like that from the wild wind-harp wrung
 By the soft summer breath of eve; an echo deep within
 My soul, whose loud responding tone doth hail thee as its kin!

Sipping a cup, whose waters were as 'Marah to the soul,'
 Yet miserly still lingering o'er each drop within the bowl,
 I mused at morn, all moodily, upon the ancient graves,
 O'er whose each old inhabitant, some low tree sadly waves,
 Where nought but name and epitaph, traced on each time-worn stone,
 Or mouldering urn, or cenotaph, tells of the loved ones gone!

Thinking how many a brow smiled o'er a heart all dead and cold,
 Veiled like the ghastly skeleton at Egypt's feasts of old;
 Whose hope was in the tomb of years, whose dread, futurity,
 When forth thy glorious numbers burst, like sunbeams unto me!
 Like Memnon's lyre of yore, which nought but the sun's touch might wake,
 Forth from my heart the ringing chords to thy proud sweep did break:
 I turned me from my moodiness, to swell the lay to thee,
 Whose pen, like an enchanter's wand, hath mighty witchery!

IONE.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

THE record which follows, is by the hand of me, NICHOMACHUS, once the happy servant of the great Queen of Palmyra, than whom the world never saw a queen more illustrious, or a woman adorned with brighter virtues. But my design is not to write her eulogy, or recite the wonderful story of her life. That task requires a stronger and a more impartial hand than mine. The life of Zenobia by Nichomachus, would be the portrait of a mother and a divinity, drawn by the pen of a child and a worshipper.

My object is a humbler, but perhaps also a more useful one. It is to collect and arrange, in their proper order, such of the letters of the most noble LUCIUS MANLIUS PISO, as shall throw most light upon his character and times, supplying all defects of incident, and filling up all chasms that may occur, out of the knowledge which, more exactly than any one else, I have been able to gather concerning all that relates to the distinguished family of the Pisos, after its connection with the more distinguished one still, of the Queen of Palmyra.

It is in this manner that I propose to amuse the few remaining

years of a green old age, not without hope both to amuse and benefit others also. This is a labor, as those will discover who read not unsuitable to one who stands trembling on the verge of life, and whom a single rude blast may in a moment consign to the embraces of the universal mother. I will not deny that my chief satisfaction springs from the fact, that in collecting these letters, and binding them together by a connecting narrative, I am engaged in the honorable task of tracing out some of the steps by which the new religion has risen to its present height of power. For whether true or false, neither friend nor foe, neither philosopher nor fool, can refuse to admit the regenerating and genial influences of its so wide reception upon the Roman character and manners. If not the gift of the gods, it is every way worthy a divine origin; and I cannot but feel myself to be worthily occupied in recording the deeds, the virtues, and the sufferings, of those who put their faith in it, and in times of danger and oppression, stood forth to defend it. Age is slow of belief. The thoughts then cling with a violent pertinacity to the fictions of its youth, once held to be the most sacred realities. But for this I should, I believe, myself long ago have been a Christian. I daily pray to the Supreme Power that my stubborn nature may yet so far yield, that I may be able, with a free and full assent, to call myself a follower of Christ. A Greek by birth, a Palmyrene by choice and adoption, a Roman by necessity — and these are all honorable names — I would yet rather be a Christian than either. Strange that with so strong desires after a greater good, I should remain fixed where I have ever been! Stranger still, seeing I have moved so long in the same sphere with the excellent Piso, the divine Julia — that emanation of God — and the God-like Probus! But there is no riddle so hard for man to read as himself. I sometimes feel most inclined toward the dark fatalism of the Stoics, since it places all things beyond the region of conjecture or doubt.

Yet if I may not be a Christian myself — I do not, however, cease both to hope and pray — I am happy in this, that I am permitted by the Divine Providence to behold, in these the last days of life, the quiet supremacy of a faith which has already added so much to the common happiness, and promises so much more. Having stood in the midst, and looked upon the horrors of two persecutions of the Christians — the first by Aurelian and the last by Diocletian — and which seemed at one moment as if it would accomplish its work, and blot out the very name of Christian — I have no language in which to express the satisfaction with which I sit down beneath the peaceful shadows of a Christian throne, and behold the general security and exulting freedom enjoyed by the many millions throughout the vast empire of the great Constantine. Now, every where around, the Christians are seen, undeterred by any apprehension of violence, with busy hands rerecting the demolished temples of their pure and spiritual faith; yet not unmindful, in the mean time, of the labor yet to be done, to draw away the remaining multitudes of idolaters from the superstitions which, while they infatuate, degrade and brutalize them. With the zeal of the early apostles of this religion, they are applying themselves, with untiring diligence, to soften and subdue the stony heart of hoary Paganism, receiving but too often, as their only return,

curses and threats — now happily vain — but often again retiring from the assault, leading in glad triumph captive multitudes. Often, as I sit at my window, overlooking, from the southern slope of the Quirinal, the magnificent Temple of the Sun, the proudest monument of Aurelian's reign, do I pause to observe the labors of the artificers who, just as it were beneath the shadow of its columns, are placing the last stones upon the dome of a Christian church. Into that church the worshippers shall enter unmolested; mingling peacefully, as they go and return, with the crowds that throng the more gorgeous temple of the idolaters. Side by side, undisturbed and free, do the Pagans and Christians, Greeks, Jews, and Egyptians, now observe the rites, and offer the worship, of their varying faiths. This happiness, we owe to the wise and merciful laws of the great Constantine. So was it, long since, in Palmyra, under the benevolent rule of Zenobia. May the time never come, when Christians shall do otherwise than now; when, remembering the wrongs they have received, they shall retaliate torture and death upon the blind adherents of the ancient superstitions!

These Letters, relating chiefly to the connexion of Piso and Julia with Probus and the Christians, now follow.

LETTER I.—FROM PISO TO FAUSTA.

I AM not surprised, Fausta, that you complain of my silence. It were strange indeed if you did not. But as for most of our misdeeds we have excuses ready at hand, so have I for this. First of all, I was not ignorant that, however I might fail you, from your other greater friend you would experience no such neglect; but on the contrary, would be supplied, with sufficient fulness and regularity, with all that could be worth knowing, concerning either our public or private affairs. For her sake, too, I was not unwilling, that at first the burden of this correspondence, if I may so term it, should rest where it has, since it has afforded, I am persuaded, a pleasure, and provided an occupation, that could have been found no where else. Just as a flood of tears brings relief to a bosom laboring under a heavy sorrow, so has this pouring out of herself to you, in frequent letters, served to withdraw her mind from recollections which, dwelt upon as they were at first, would soon have ended that life in which all ours seem bound up.

Then again, if you accept the validity of this excuse, I have another which, as a woman, you will at once allow the force of. You will not deem it a better one than the other, but doubtless as good. It is this: that for a long time I have been engaged in taking possession of my new dwelling upon the Cœlian, not far from that of Portia. Of this you may have heard, in the letters which have reached you, but that will not prevent me from describing to you, with more exactness than any other can have done it, the home of your old and fast friend, Lucius Manlius Piso; for I think it adds greatly to the pleasure with which we think of an absent friend, to be able to see, as in a picture, the form, and material, and position, of the house he inhabits, and even the very aspect and furniture of the room in which he

is accustomed to pass the most of his time. This to me is a satisfaction greater than you can well conceive, when, in my ruminating hours, which are many, I return to Palmyra, and place myself in the circle with Gracchus, Calpurnius, and yourself. Your palace having now been restored to its former condition, I know where to find you at the morning, noon, and evening hour; the only change you have made in the former arrangements being this: that whereas when I was your guest, your private apartments occupied the eastern wing of the palace, they are now in the western, once mine, and which I used then to maintain were the most agreeable and noble of all. The prospects which its windows afford of the temple, and the distant Palace of the Queen, and of the evening glories of the setting sun, are more than enough to establish its claims to an undoubted superiority; and if to these be added the circumstance, that for so long a time the Roman Piso was their occupant, the case is made out, beyond all peradventure.

But I am describing your palace rather than my own. You must remember my paternal seat on the southern declivity of the hill, and overlooking the course of the Tiber, as it winds away to the sea. Mine is not far from it, but on the northern side of the hill, and thereby possessing a situation more favorable to comfort, during the heats of summer—I loving the city, as you well know, better if any thing during the summer than the winter months. Standing upon almost the highest point of the hill, it commands a wide and beautiful prospect, especially toward the north and east, the eye shooting over the whole expanse of city and suburbs, and then resting upon the purple outline of the distant mountains. Directly before me are the magnificent structures which crown the Esquiline, conspicuous among which, and indeed eminent over all, are the Baths of Titus. Then, as you will conjecture, the eye takes in the Palatine and Capitol hills, catching, just beyond the last, the swelling dome of the Pantheon, which seems rather to rise out of, and crown, the Flavian Amphitheatre, than its own massy walls. Then, far in the horizon, we just discern the distant summits of the Appenines, broken by Soracte and the nearer hills.

The principal apartments are on the northern side of the palace, opening upon a portico of Corinthian columns, running its entire length, and which would not disgrace Palmyra itself. At the eastern extremity, are the rooms common to the family; in the centre, a spacious hall, in the adorning of which, by every form of art, I have exhausted my knowledge and taste in such things; and at the western extremity, my library, where at this moment I sit, and where I have gathered around me all in letters and art that I most esteem. This room I have decorated for myself and Julia—not for others. Whatever has most endeared itself to our imaginations, our minds, or our hearts, has here its home. The books that have most instructed or amused; the statuary that most raises and delights us; the pictures on which we most love to dwell; the antiquities that possess most curiosity or value, are here arranged; and in an order that would satisfy, I believe, even your fastidious taste.

I will not weary you with any more minute account of my new dwelling, leaving that duty to the readier pen of Julia. Yet I can-

not relieve you, till I have spoken of two of the statues which occupy the most conspicuous niche in the library. You will expect me to name Socrates and Plato, or Numa and Seneca. These are all there, but it is not of either of them that I would speak. They are the venerable founders of the Jewish and Christian religions, **MOSES** and **CHRIST**. These statues, of the purest marble, stand side by side, at one extremity of the apartment; and immediately before them, and within the wondrous sphere of their influences, stands the table at which I write, and where I pursue my inquiries in philosophy and religion. You smile at my enthusiasm, Fausta, and wonder when I shall return to the calm sobriety of my ancient faith. In this wonder there are a thousand errors — but of these hereafter. I was to tell you of these sculptures. Of the statue of Moses, I possess no historical account, and know not what its claim may be to truth. I can only say, it is a figure truly grand, and almost terrific. It is of a size larger than life, and expresses no sentiment so perfectly as authority — the authority of a rigorous and austere ruler — both in the attitude of the body, and the features of the countenance. The head is slightly raised and drawn back, as if listening, awe-struck, to a communication from the God who commissioned him, while his left hand supports a volume, and his right grasps a stylus, with which, when the voice has ceased, to record the communicated truth. Place in his hands the thunderbolt, and at his feet the eagle, and the same form would serve for Jupiter the Thunderer, except only that to the countenance of the Jewish prophet there has been imparted a rapt and inspired look, wholly beyond any that even Phidias could have fixed upon the face of Jove. He who wrought this head, must have believed in the sublimities of the religion whose chief minister he has made so to speak them forth, in the countenance and in the form; and yet who has ever heard of a Jewish sculptor?

The statue of Christ is of a very different character; as different as the Christian faith is from that of the Jewish, notwithstanding they are still by many confounded. I cannot pretend to describe to you the holy beauty that as it were constitutes this perfect work of art. If you ask what authority tradition has invested it with, I can only say that I do not know. All I can affirm with certainty, is this, that it once stood in the palace of Alexander Severus, in company with the images of other deified men and gods, whom he chiefly revered. When that excellent prince had fallen under the blows of assassins, his successor and murderer, Maximin, having little knowledge or taste for what was found in the palace of Alexander, those treasures were sold, and the statue of Christ came into the hands of a distinguished and wealthy Christian of that day, who, perishing in the persecution of Decius, his descendants became impoverished, and were compelled to part with even this sacred relic of their former greatness. From them I purchased it; and often are they to be seen, whenever for such an object they can steal away from necessary cares, standing before it, and renewing, as it would seem, their vows of obedience, in the presence of the founder of their faith. The room is free to their approach, whenever they are thus impelled.

The expression of this statue, I have said, is wholly different from that of the Hebrew. His is one of authority and of sternness; this

of gentleness and love. Christ is represented, like the Moses, in a sitting posture, with a countenance, not like his raised to heaven, but bent with looks somewhat sad and yet full of benevolence, as if upon persons standing before him. Fraternity, I think, is the idea you associate with it most readily. I should never suppose him to be a judge or censor, or arbitrary master, but rather an elder brother ; elder in the sense of wiser, holier, purer ; whose look is not one of reproach that others are not as himself, but of pity and desire ; and whose hand would rather be stretched forth to lift up the fallen, than to smite the offender. To complete this expression, and inspire the beholder with perfect confidence, the left hand rests upon a little child, who stands with familiar reverence at his knee, and looking up into his face, seems to say, ' No evil can come to me here.'

Opposite this, and at the other extremity of the apartment, hangs a picture of Christ, representing him in a very exact accordance with the traditional accounts of his features and form, a description of which exists, and is held authentic, in a letter of Publius Lentulus, a Roman of the same period. Between this and the statue there is a close resemblance, or as close as we usually see between two heads of Cæsar, or of Cicero. Marble, however, is the only material that suits the character and office of Jesus of Nazareth. Color, and its minute effects, seem in some sort to degrade the subject. I retain the picture, because of its supposed truth.

Portia, as you will believe, is full of wonder and sorrow at these things. Soon after my library had received its last additions, my mother came to see what she had already heard of so much. As she entered the apartment, I was sitting in my accustomed seat, with Julia at my side, and both of us gazing in admiration at the figures I have just described. We were both too much engrossed, to notice the entrance of Portia, our first warning of her presence being her hand laid upon my head. We rose and placed her between us.

' My son,' said she, looking intently, as she spoke, upon the statues before us, ' what strange looking figures are these ? That upon my left might serve for Jupiter, but for the roll and the stylus. And why place you beings of character so opposite, as these appear to have been, side by side ? This other upon my right — ah, how beautiful it is ! What mildness in those eyes, and what a divine repose over the form, which no event, not the downfall of a kingdom or its loss, would seem capable to disturb. Is it the peace-loving Numa ?'

' Not so,' said Julia ; ' there stands Numa, leaning on the sacred shield, from the centre of which beams the countenance of the divine Egeria.'

' Yes, I see it,' replied Portia ; and rising from her seat, she stood gazing round the apartment, examining its various appointments. When her eye had sought out the several objects, and dwelt upon them a moment, she said, in tones somewhat reproachful, as much so as it is in her nature to assume :

' Where, Lucius, are the gods of Rome ? Do those who have, through so many ages, watched over our country, and guarded our house, deserve no honor at your hands ? Does not gratitude require at least that their images should be here, so that whether you your-

self worship them or not, their presence may inspire others with reverence? But alas for the times! Piety seems dead; or, with the faith that inspires it, it lives but in a few who will soon disappear, and religion with them. Whose forms are these, Lucius — concerning one I can now easily surmise — but the other, this stern and terrific man, who is he?

‘That,’ I replied, ‘is Moses, the founder of Judaism.’

‘Immortal gods!’ exclaimed Portia, ‘the statue of a Jew in the halls of the Pisos! Well may it be that Rome approaches its decline, when her elder sons turn against her.’

‘Nay, mother, I am not a Jew.’

‘I would thou wert, rather than be what I suppose thou art, a Christian. The Jew, Lucius, can boast of antiquity, at least, in behalf of his religion. But the faith which you would profess and extend, is but of yesterday. Would the gods ever leave mankind without religion? Is it only to-day that they reveal the truth? Have they left us for these many ages to grope along in error? Never, Lucius, can I believe it. It is enough for me that the religion of Rome is old as Rome, to endear it to my heart, and commend it to my understanding. It is not for the first time, to-day, that the gods have spoken.’

‘But, my dear mother,’ I rejoined, ‘if age makes truth, there are older religions than this of Rome. Judaism itself is older, by many centuries. But it is not because a religion is new or old, that I would receive or reject it. The only question is, does it satisfy my heart and mind, and is it true? The faith which you, mother, engrafted upon my infant mind, fails to meet the wants of my nature, and upon looking for its foundations, I find them not.’

‘Is thy nature different from mine, Lucius? Surely, thou art my own child! It has satisfied me and my nature. I ask for nothing else, or better.’

‘There are some natures, mother, by the gods so furnished and filled with all good desires and affections, that their religion is born with them, and is in them. It matters little under what outward form and administration of truth they dwell; no system could injure them — none would greatly benefit. They are of the family of God, by birth, and are never disinherited.’

‘Yes, Portia,’ said Julia, ‘natural and divine instincts make you what others can become only through the powerful operation of some principle out of, and superior to, any thing they find within themselves. For me, I know not what I should have been, without the help which Christianity has afforded. I might have been virtuous, but I could not have been happy. You surely rejoice when the weak find that in any religion or philosophy which gives them strength. Look, Portia, at that serene and benignant countenance, and can you believe that any truth ever came from its lips, but such as must be most comforting and exalting to those who receive it?’

‘It would seem so indeed, my child,’ replied Portia, musingly, and I would not deprive any of the comforts or strength which any principle may impart. But I cannot cease to think it dangerous to the state, when the faith of the founders of Rome is abandoned by those who fill its highest places. You who abound in leisure and learning, may satisfy yourselves with a new philosophy; but what

shall these nice refinements profit the common herd? How shall they see them to be true, or comprehend them? The Romans have ever been a religious people; and although under the empire the purity of ancient manners is lost, let it not be said that the Pisos were among those who struck the last and hardest blows at the still stout root of the tree that bore them.'

'Nothing can be more plain or intelligible,' I replied, 'than the principles of the Christian religion; and wherever it has been preached with simplicity and power, even the common people have readily and gratefully adopted it. I certainly cannot but desire that it may prevail. If any thing is to do it, I believe this is the power that is to restore, and in a still nobler form, the ancient manners of which you speak. It is from Christianity that in my heart I believe the youthful blood is to come, that being poured into the veins of this dying state, shall reproduce the very vigor and freshness of its early age. Rome, mother, is now but a lifeless trunk — a dead and loathsome corpse: a new and warmer current must be infused, or it will soon crumble into dust.'

'I grieve, Lucius, to see you lost to the good cause of your country, and to the altars of her gods; for who can love his country, and deny the gods who made and preserve it? But then who am I to condemn? When I see the gods to hurl thunderbolts upon those who flout them, it will be time enough for us mortals to assume the robes of judgment. I will hope that farther thought will reclaim you from your truant wanderings.'

Do not imagine, Fausta, that conversations like this have the least effect to chill the warm affections of Portia toward us both. Nature has placed within her bosom a central heat, that not only preserves her own warmth, but diffuses itself upon all who approach her, and changes their affections into a likeness of her own. We speak of our differing faiths, but love none the less. When she had paused a moment, after uttering the last words, she again turned her eye upon the statue of Christ, and, captivated by its wondrous power, she dwelt upon it in a manner that showed her sensibilities to be greatly moved. At length she suddenly started, saying:

'If truth and beauty were the same thing, one need but to look upon this, and be a believer. But as in the human form and face, beauty is often but a lie, covering over a worse deformity than any that ever disfigures the body, so it may be here. I cannot but admit and love the beauty; it will be wise, I suppose, not to look farther, lest the dream be dissolved.'

'Be not afraid of that, dearest mother; I can warrant you against disappointment. If in that marble you have the form of the outward beauty, here, in this roll, you will find the inward moral beauty of which it was the shrine.'

'Nay, nay, Lucius, I look no farther or deeper. I have seen too much already.'

With these words, she rose, and we accompanied her to the portico, where we walked, and sat, and talked of you, and Calpurnius, and Gracchus.

Thus you perceive I have told you first of what chiefly interests myself: now let me turn to what at this moment more than every

thing else fills all heads in Rome — and that is Livia. She is the object of universal attention, the centre of all honor. It is indescribable, the sensation her beauty, and now added to that, her magnificence, have made and still make in Rome. Her imperial bearing would satisfy even you ; and the splendor of her state exceeds all that has been known before. This you may be surprised to hear, knowing what the principles of Aurelian have been in such things ; how strict he has been himself in a more than republican simplicity, and how severe upon the extravagancies and luxuries of others, in the laws he has enacted. You must remember his prohibition of the use of cloth of gold and of silk, among other things — foolish laws, to be suddenly promulged among so vain and corrupt a population as this of Rome. They have been the ridicule and scorn of rich and poor alike ; of the rich, because they are so easily violated in private, or evaded by the substitution of one article for another ; of the poor, because, being slaves in spirit, they take a slave's pride in the trappings and state of their masters ; they love not only to feel but to see their superiority. But since the eastern expedition, the reduction of Palmyra, and the introduction from abroad of the vast flood of foreign luxuries which have inundated Rome and Italy itself, the principles and the habits of the emperor have undergone a mighty revolution. Now the richness and costliness of his dress, the splendor of his equipage, the gorgeousness of his furniture, cannot be made to come up to the height of his extravagant desires. The silk which he once denied to the former empress for a dress, now, variously embroidered, and of every dye, either hangs in ample folds upon the walls, or canopies the royal bed, or lends its beauty to the cushioned seats which every where, in every form of luxurious ease, invite to repose. Gold, too, once prohibited, but now wrought into every kind of cloth, or solid in shape of dish, or vase, or cup, or spread in sheets over the very walls and ceilings of the palace, has rendered the traditions of Nero's house of gold no longer fabulous. The customs of the eastern monarchs have also elevated or perverted the ambition of Aurelian, and one after another are taking place of former usages. He is every day more difficult of access, and surrounds himself, his palaces, and apartments, by guards and officers of state. In all this, as you will readily believe, Livia is his willing companion, or rather, I should perhaps say, his prompting and ruling genius. As without the world at her feet, it would be impossible for her insane pride to be fully satisfied, so in all that is now done, the emperor still lags behind her will. But beautifully, it can be denied by none, does she become her greatness, and gives more lustre than receives, to all around her. Gold is doubly gold in her presence ; and even the diamond sparkles with a new brilliancy on her brow or sandal.

Livia is, of all women I have ever seen or known, made for a Roman empress. I used to think so when in Palmyra, and I saw her, so often as I did, assuming the port and air of imaginary sovereignty. And now that I behold her filling the very place for which by nature she is most perfectly fitted, I cannot but confess that she surpasses all I had imagined, in the genius she displays for her great sphere, both as wife of Aurelian, and sovereign of Rome. Her

intellect shows itself stronger than I had believed it to be, and secures for her the bondage of a class who could not be subdued by the magnificence of her state, extraordinary as it is. They are captivated by the brilliancy of her wit, set off by her unequalled beauty, and, for a woman, her rare attainments, and hover around her as some superior being. Then for the mass of our rich and noble, her ostentatious state and imperial bearing are all that they can appreciate, all they ask for, and more than enough to enslave them, not only to her reasonable will, but to all her most tyrannical and whimsical caprices. She understands already perfectly the people she is among; and through her quick sagacity, has already risen to a power greater than woman ever before held in Rome.

We see her often — often as ever — and when we see her, enjoy her as well. For with all her ambition of petty rule and imposing state, she possesses and retains a goodness of heart, that endears her to all, in spite of her follies. Julia is still her beloved Julia, and I her good friend Lucius; but it is to Zenobia that she attaches herself most closely; and from her she draws most largely of the kind of inspiration which she covets. And it is to her, I believe, that we may trace much of the admirable wisdom — for such it must be allowed to be — with which Livia adorns the throne of the world.

Her residence, when Aurelian is absent from the city, is near us in the palace upon the Palatine; but when he is here, it is more remote, in the enchanted gardens of Sallust. This spot, first ennobled by the presence of the great historian, to whose hand and eye of taste the chief beauties of the scene are to be traced, then afterward selected by Vespasian as an imperial villa, is now lately become the chosen retreat of Aurelian. It has indeed lost part of its charms since it has been embraced by the extension of the new walls within the limits of the city; but enough remain to justify abundantly the preference of a line of emperors. It is there that we see Livia most, as we have been used to do, and where are forcibly brought to our minds the hours passed by us so instructively in the gardens of Zenobia. Often Aurelian is of our company, and throws the light of his strong intellect upon whatever subject it is we discuss. He cannot, however, on such occasions, thoroughly tame to the tone of gentle society, his imperious and almost rude nature. The peasant of Pannonia will sometimes break through, and usurp the place of emperor; but it is only for a moment; for it is amusing to note how the presence of Livia quickly restores him to himself; when, with more grace than one would look for, he acknowledges his fault, ascribing it sportively to the fogs of the German marshes. It amuses us to observe the power which the polished manners and courtly ways of Livia exercise over Aurelian, whose ambition seems now as violently bent upon subduing the world by the displays of taste, grace, and magnificence, as it once was to do it — and is still indeed — by force of arms. Having astonished mankind in one way, he would astonish them again in quite another; and to this later task his whole nature is consecrated with as entire a devotion as ever it was to the other. Livia is in all these things his model and guide; and never did soldier learn to catch, from the least motion or sign of the general, his will, than does he, to the same end,

study the countenance and the voice of the empress. Yet is there, as you will believe, knowing the character of Aurelian as well as you do, nothing mean or servile in this. He is ever himself, and beneath this transparent surface, artificially assumed, you behold, feature for feature, the lineaments of the fierce soldier glaring forth in all their native wildness and ferocity. Yet we are happy that there exists any charm potent enough to calm, but for hours or days, a nature so stern and cruel as to cause perpetual fears for the violences in which at any moment it may break out. The late slaughter in the very streets of Rome, when the Cœlian ran with the blood of fifteen thousand Romans, butchered within sight of their own homes, with the succeeding executions, naturally fill us with apprehensions for the future. We call him generous, and magnanimous, and so he is, compared with former tyrants who have polluted the throne — Tiberias, Commodus, or Maximin; but what title has he to that praise, when tried by the standard which our own reason supplies of those great virtues? I confess it was not always so. His severity was formerly ever on the side of justice; it was indignation at crime or baseness which sometimes brought upon him the charge of cruelty — never the wanton infliction of suffering and death. But it certainly is not so now. A slight cause now rouses his sleeping passions to a sudden fury, often fatal to the first object that comes in his way. But enough of this.

Do not forget to tell me again of the Old Hermit of the mountains, and that you have visited him — if indeed he be yet among the living.

Even with your lively imagination, Fausta, you can hardly form an idea of the sensation which my open assertion of Christian principles and assumption of the Christian name has made in Rome. I intended when I sat down to speak only of this, but see how I have been led away! My letters will be for the most part confined, I fear, to the subjects which engross both myself and Julia most — such as relate to the condition and prospects of the new religion, and to the part which we take in the revolution which is going on. Not that I shall be speechless upon other and inferior topics, but that upon this of Christianity I shall be garrulous and overflowing. I believe that in doing this, I shall consult your preferences as well as my own. I know you to be desirous of principles better than any which as yet you have been able to discover, and that you will gladly learn whatever I may have it in my power to teach you from this quarter. But all the teaching I shall attempt, will be to narrate events as they occur, and state facts as they arise, and leave them to make what impression they may.

When I just spoke of the sensation which my adoption of the Christian system had caused in Rome, I did not mean to convey any idea like this, that it has been rare for the intelligent and cultivated to attach themselves to the despised religion. On the contrary, it would be true were I to say, that those who accept Christianity, are distinguished for their intelligence; that estimated as a class, and they rank far above the lowest. It is not the dregs of a people who become reformers of philosophy or religion; who grow dissatisfied with ancient opinions upon exalted subjects, and search about for better, and adopt them. The processes involved in this change, in

their very nature, require intelligence, and imply a character of more than common elevation. It is neither the lowest nor the highest who commence, and at first carry on, a work like this ; but those who fill the intermediate spaces. The lowest are dead as brute matter to such interests ; the highest — the rich, the fashionable, the noble — from opposite causes just as dead — or if they are alive at all, it is with the rage of denunciation and opposition. They are supporters of the decent usages sanctioned by antiquity, and consecrated by the veneration of a long line of the great and noble. Whether they themselves believe in the system which they uphold or not, they are equally tenacious of it. They would preserve and perpetuate it, because it has satisfied, at any rate bound and overawed, the multitude for ages : and the experiment of alteration or substitution is too dangerous to be tried. Most, indeed, reason not, nor philosophize at all, in the matter. The instinct that makes them Romans in their worship of the power and greatness at Rome, and attachment to her civil forms, makes them Romans in their religion, and will summon them, if need be, to die for the one and the other.

Religion and philosophy have accordingly nothing to hope from this quarter. It is those whom we may term the substantial middle classes, who, being least hindered by prejudices and pride of order, on the one hand, and incapacitated by ignorance on the other, have ever been the earliest and best friends of progress in any science. Here you find the retired scholar, the thoughtful and independent farmer, the skilful mechanic, the enlightened merchant, the curious traveller, the inquisitive philosopher — and all fitted, beyond those of either extreme, for exercising a sound judgment upon such questions, and all more interested in them. It is out of these that Christianity has made its converts. They are accordingly worthy of universal respect. I have examined with diligence, and can say that there live not in Rome a purer and more noble company than the Christians. When I say, however, that it is out of these whom I have just specified, that Christianity has made its converts, I do not mean to say out of them exclusively. Some have joined them in the present age, as well as in every age past, from the most elevated in rank and power. If in Nero's palace, and among his chief ministers, there were Christians, if Domitilla, Domitian's niece, was a Christian, if Philip was a Christian, so now a few of the same rank may be counted, who openly, and more who secretly, profess this religion. But they are very few. So that you will not wonder that when the head of the ancient and honorable house of the Pisos, the friend of Aurelian, and allied to the royal family of Palmyra, declared himself to be of this persuasion, no little commotion was observable in Rome — not so much among the Christians themselves as among the patricians, among the nobility, in the court and palace of Aurelian. The love of many has grown cold, and the outward tokens of respect are withheld. Brows darkened by the malignant passions of the bigot are bent upon me as I pass along the streets, and inquiries, full of scornful irony, are made after the welfare of my new friends. The emperor changes not his carriage toward me, nor I believe his feelings. I think he is too tolerant of opinion, too much of a man of the world, to desire to curb and restrain the liberty

of his friends in the quarter of philosophy and religion. I know, indeed, on the other hand, that he is religious in his way, to the extreme of superstition, but I have observed no tokens as yet of any purpose or wish to interfere with the belief or worship of others. He seems like one who, if he may indulge his own feelings in his own way, is not unwilling to concede to others the same freedom.

As I was writing these last sentences, I became conscious of a voice muttering in low tones, as if discoursing with itself, and upon no very agreeable theme. I heeded it not at first, but wrote on. At length it ran thus, and I was compelled to give ear :

‘Patience, patience — greatest of virtues, yet hardest of practice ! To wait indeed for a kingdom were something, though it were upon a bed of thorns ; to suffer for the honor of truth, were more ; more in itself, and more in its rewards. But patience, when a fly stings, or a fool speaks, or worse, when time is wasted and lost, is — the virtue mayhap is greater after all — but it is harder, I say, of practice — that is what I say — yet, for that very reason, greater ! By Hercules ! I believe it is so. So that while I wait here, my virtue of patience is greater than that of these accursed Jews. Patience then, I say, patience !’

‘What in the name of all antiquity,’ I exclaimed, turning round as the voice ceased, ‘is this flood of philosophy for ? Wherein have I offended ?’

‘Offended !’ cried the other : ‘Nay, noble master, not offended. According to my conclusion, I owe thee thanks ; for while I have stood waiting to catch thy eye and ear, my virtue has shot up like a wild vine. The soul has grown. I ought therefore rather to crave forgiveness of thee, for breaking up a study which was so profound, and doubtless so agreeable, too.’

‘Agreeable you will certainly grant it, when I tell you I was writing to your ancient friend and pupil, the daughter of Gracchus.’

‘Ah, the blessings of all the gods upon her ! My dreams are still of her. I loved her, Piso, as I never loved beside, either form, shadow, or substance. I used to think that I loved her as a parent loves his child — a brother his sister ; but it was more than that. Aristotle is not so dear to me as she. Bear witness these tears ! I would now, bent as I am, travel the Syrian deserts to see her ; especially if I might hear from her mouth a chapter of the great philosopher. Never did Greek, always music, seem so like somewhat more divinely harmonious than any thing of earth, as when it came through her lips. Yet, by Hercules ! she played me many a mad prank ! ’T would have been better for her and for letters, had I chastised her more, and loved her less. Condescend, noble Piso, to name me to her, and entreat her not to fall away from her Greek. That will be a consolation under all losses, and all sorrows.’

‘I will not fail to do so. And now in what is my opinion wanted ?’

‘It is simply in the matter of these volumes, where thou wilt have them bestowed. The cases here, by their superior adorning, seem designed for the great master of all, and his disciples ; and it is here I would fain order them. Would it so please thee ?’

‘No, Solon, not there. That is designed for a very different Master and his disciples.’

Solon looked at me as if unwilling to credit his ears, hoping that something would be added more honorable to the affronted philosopher, and myself. But nothing coming, he said :

‘ I penetrate — I apprehend. This, the very centre and post of honor, thou reservest for the atheistical Jews. The gods help us ! I doubt I should straight resign my office. Well, well ; let us hope that the increase of years will bring an increase of wisdom. We cannot look for fruit on a sapling. Youth seeks novelty. But the gods be thanked ! Youth lasts not long, but is a fault daily corrected ; else the world were at a bad pass. Rome is not fallen, nor the form of the Stagyrice hurt for this. But 't is grievous to behold !’

So murmuring, as he retreated to the farther part of the library, with his bundle of rolls under his arm, he again busied himself in the labors of his office.

I see, Fausta, the delight that sparkles in your eye, and breaks over your countenance, as you learn that Solon, the incomparable Solon, is one of my household. No one whom I could think of, appeared so well suited to my wants as librarian, as Solon, and I can by no means convey to you an idea of the satisfaction with which he hailed my offer ; and, abandoning the rod and the brass tablets, betook himself to a labor which would yield him so much more leisure for the perusal of his favorite authors, and the pursuit of his favorite studies. He is already deep in the question, ‘ whether the walls of Troy were accommodated with thirty-three or thirty-nine gates,’ and also in this, ‘ what was the method of construction adopted in the case of the wooden horse, and what was its capacity ?’ Of his progress in these matters, I will duly inform you.

But I weary your patience. Farewell.

Piso, alluding in this letter to the slaughter on the Coelian Hill, and which happened not long before it was written, I will add here that whatever color it may have pleased Aurelian to give to that affair — as if it were occasioned by a dishonest debasement of the coin by the directors of the mint — there is now no doubt, on the part of any who are familiar with the history of that period, that the difficulty originated in a much deeper and more formidable cause, well known to Aurelian himself, but not spoken of by him, in alluding to the event. It is certain, then, that the civil war which then befel, for such it was, was in truth the breaking out of a conspiracy on the part of the nobles to displace Aurelian — ‘ a German peasant,’ as they scornfully designated him — and set one of their own order upon the throne. They had already bought over the chief manager of the public mint — a slave and favorite of Aurelian — and had engaged him in creating, to serve the purposes which they had in view, an immense issue of spurious coin. This they had used too liberally, in effecting some of the preliminary objects of their movement. It was suspected, tried, proved to be false, and traced to its authors. Before they were fully prepared, the conspirators were obliged to take to their arms, as the only way in which to save themselves from the executioner. The contest was one of the bloodiest ever known

within the walls of the city. It was Aurelian, with a few legions of his army, and the people — always of his part — against the wealth and the power of the nobility, and their paid adherents. In one day, and in one battle, as it may be termed, fifteen thousand soldiers and citizens were slain in the streets of the capital. Truly does Piso say, the streets of the Cœlian ran blood. I happily was within the walls of the queen's palace at Tibur; but well do I remember the horror of the time — especially the days succeeding the battle, when the vengeance of the enraged conqueror fell upon the noblest families of Rome, and the axe of the executioner was blunted and broken with the savage work which it did.

No one has written of Aurelian and his reign, who has not applauded him for the defence which he made of his throne and crown, when traitorously assailed within the very walls of the capital; but all unite, also, in condemning that fierce spirit of revenge, which, after the contest was over, and his power secure, by confiscation, banishment, torture, and death, involved in ruin so many whom a different treatment would have converted into friends. But Aurelian was by nature a tyrant; it was an accident whenever he was otherwise. If affairs moved on smoothly, he was the just or magnanimous prince; if disturbed and perplexed, and his will crossed, he was the imperious and vindictive tyrant.

LINES

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'ERNEST MALTRAVERS.'

'CALL up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.' IL. PENSEROSO.

Ah! tell us all! — say that thou wilt not leave
The tale a fragment, even for future years;
It were to crush fair promise; to bereave
Fond spirits of sweet smiles, and sweeter tears.

We pray thee tell us all! From thy deep mind
Call forth the dreamy tissue of *their* fate,
Who dwell within our thoughts, in sadness shined,
Beings how noble! yet how desolate!

Let us behold their meeting! Let us trace
The path of their strange, wayward destinies;
And grow familiar with that sad, fair face,
Which hath in glimpses only met our eyes.

Ah! leave us not to sorrow with the good,
And triumph with the evil! Thou must fling
The spell of thy enchantment o'er the mood
That makes thy stately one a desolate thing!

And give back hopes, such as we saw depart
From his young spirit; and cast down the cold,
The false, to dust! I garner in my heart
Thy promise *not* to leave the tale 'half told.'

Give to our gaze those deeds of future years,
Which float within the chambers of thy brain;
I charge thee, by our passionate hopes and fears,
Yield us the *last links* of the golden chain!

Lexington, (Kentucky.)

VENETIA.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER XXIII.

A MONTH, Reader, or two months, how fast they get by! How they 'push along and keep moving!' With their 'portance to the prince or the beggar — to the monarch or the *mauvais sujet* — they sweep away. When one is at his ease, and in quiet, how imperceptibly they glide! When friends are looked for, or home is nearing on the wave, how melancholy slow! Time ambles, canters, trots, walks, or halts, as it were, with thousands at a time. Those who wish his gait the tardiest, methinks, are those who take their 'last stand' upon a scaffold, and await that dubious moment which divorces Spectacle from Strangulation. That is a period of which one cannot complain that it is dull. Like passages in modern novels, (as per booksellers' advertisements) it is of 'thrilling interest.' The only passenger in the black coach just bound for the unknown country waits with exemplary patience for the driver, not willing to leave. Right in his premises, he comes to a wrong conclusion. His neck answers for it.

SINCE I read that curious piece of 'Elia's on the splendors of the pillory rather than its disgraces, I have had some little curiousness to meditate on that matter; whether it were possible that one should felicitate himself on a position of the kind; whether pride could be born of pillory conceptions, or thoughts of grandeur from the gallows-tree. I think they can. 'T was a proud remark of the Earl Ferrers, when on his way to the gallows, in 1796, when he observed to his sheriff, who complimented him upon attracting so great a concourse of people: 'I suppose they never saw a lord hanged before.' This incident should be used by some play-wright of modern times, and entitled 'The Earl's Last Chuckle.' This same lord, on the day fixed for his execution, was driven to the gallows in his own landau, dressed in sumptuous garments, the choicest of his taste. Those who demur from gibbet dignity, should have heard the courteous colloquies which did ensue betwixt him and his sheriff aforesaid. The latter, 'seating himself by his lordship, politely observed, that it gave him the highest concern to wait upon him on so melancholy an occasion; adding, that he would do every thing in his power to render his situation as *agrecable* as possible, and hoped his lordship would impute it to the necessary discharge of his duty.'

There are objects of great interest, too, one might suppose, on a scaffold, as well as in the pillory. *Par example*, in the case in question. 'His lordship (by mistake) gave ten guineas to the executioner's assistant, which was immediately after demanded by the master; but the fellow refused to deliver it, and a dispute ensued, which *might* have discomposed his lordship.'

Of course it might. Perhaps he had been a sporting character. Would he not have felt some anxiety to settle the controversy, and see fair play before he went, so as to *die in peace*? Indubitably. He should have been 'spared that sight' — but *he* was spared, before it ended.

WELL — as there is nothing too low to be dignified by some faint coloring, so there is naught too high not to be dimmed. I look upon the moon as an orb of pearly lustre ; upon the stars as diamonds and jewels ; yet ragged clouds, like volant pauper's breeches, patched with yellow, red, or white, around their edges, sail by the stars, and moon, and sun, smirching their beauty, and borrowing brightness not their own.

Yet I respect the moon. Fair politician ! She changes when she will. Impartial dispenser of radiance ' on tick ;' she gets what she can, and gives all she gets. I honor the planet. Prolific mother of hoaxes and sentiment ! Grand cloud silver-plater ! Meek, virtuous Eminence — Presence serene ! Thus wert thou once apostrophized, by one now no more :

O moon ! at midnight's contemplative hour,
When placid slumber holds his noiseless reign,
Throbs my exulting heart to see thee shower
Thy streaming splendors upon rock and plain :
From earth aloof my panting spirits soars,
Communing with revolving worlds on high,
Till, lost in deep amazement, forth it pours
Its hymn of praise to Him who lit yon sky,
And gave to my young gaze this wondrous scenery !

O moon ! aside the helmsman lays his chart,
To mark thy beams reflected on the sea ;
And faithful mem'ry on his lonely heart
Gives back the light of childhood's revelry.
On his lone pathway may the auspicious gale
Propel the expanded canvass o'er the wave :
Bright be the cynosure which lights his sail —
Nigh be the mighty arm outstretched to save,
When the blue waves run high, the sea boy from the grave !

O moon ! the sentinel at midnight hour
Rests the dark vigil of his eye on thee,
And pours his benison to that high power
Who dressed for him that gorgeous scenery :
While the bright beams their softer splendors wake,
And on his burnished casque and armor play,
He hears not the light footstep in yon brake ;
His thoughts have wandered to his home away —
His wife and infant boy — are their young bosoms gay ?

O moon ! on thee at the lone hour of night
The lover gazes with a swimming eye ;
And deems that she to whom his heart is plight,
Gazes as fondly on yon gorgeous sky :
Anon his ardent fancy seems to trace,
In the bright mirror of night's lonely hour,
'The light of love, the purity of grace,'
Which charmed his youthful eye in summer's bower,
When to his heart he pressed his bosom's dearest flower.

Again he deems, in fancy's wanton flight,
Some bark of pearl in beauty sailing there :
Slow piloting its dubious path in light,
Through the calm ocean of the evening air !
Oh ! how his bosom burns to tempt the gale,
With his own loved one, on that azure sea ;
With hope's soft zephyr to impel the sail,
And no obtrusive, daring eye to see
His own endeared caress and love's warm witchery !

J. R. SUTERMEISTER.

'T WAS a new idea to me, that conveyed of late by the author of Leslie, surnamed Norman, that the only things you see, after crossing the Atlantic, which you have seen before, are the orb of day, sometimes vulgarly called Phœbus, or the sun, the chaste Regent of the Night, or Luna, that green-horns sometimes denominate the moon, and those jewels of heaven — 'doubloons of the celestial bank,' as a Spanish poet calls them — sometimes named stars, by plain, uninitiated persons. These, it seems, are the only old acquaintances a man meets abroad. They are not to be put by. A man may curse his stars, indeed, but he cannot *cut* them. As well might the great sea essay 'to cast its waters on the burning Bear, and quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.' Therefore shall I learn henceforth yet more to love those dazzling planets, fixed or errant, because in no long time I may meet them in Phillippi. Precious then to me will be their bright companionship! Milky feelings will come over me, as I scrutinize the *via lactea*, with upturned eyes; conscious will be the moon; inexpressibly dear every glimpse of the lesser lights that rule the night with modest fires. Without the slightest premonitory symptoms of astrology, and being withal no horologe consulter, I yet do love the stars. Rich, rare, and lustrous, they win my gaze, and look into my soul. I have seen them at Niagara, glinting upon the mad breakers through the lunar rainbow, with their perpetual flashes; on the big lakes of the interior, as if the calm waters were but another sky; on the placid Schuylkill, when the breath of clover-fields came freshened from the wave it never wrinkled; and I have seen them — oh climax of beauty! — on the '*Grand Eric Canawl*,' just before taking a berth in copartnership with bed-bugs! Enough of stars. I am waxing theatrical.

ONE word more, though, before I dismiss these luminaries. That verse of Byron's, wherein he compares the object of some early affection to a star, dropping from its sphere, always struck me as peculiarly beautiful. Look at it, reader, and say so too:

'I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauty fade;
The night that followed such a morn,
Had worn a deeper shade.
And thou wert lovely to the last —
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
Extinguished — not decay'd;
As stars, that shoot along the sky,
Shine brightest, when they fall from high.'

The same individual — who was a highly nice person for making apt pieces of metre out of his head — has, in the handsomest manner, volunteered his services for the moon, at the close of the following passage:

'I do remember me, that on a night like this,
I stood beneath the Coliseum's wall,
Mid the chief relics of almighty Rome:
The trees that grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber, and more near,
From out the Cæsar's palace, came the owl's long cry,

And interruptedly of distant sentinels the fitful song,
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon ! upon all this,
 And cast a wide and tender light, which softened down
 The hoar austerity of rugged desolation,
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, 'till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 In silent worship.'

ONE cannot write, by any possibility, with a sense of pleasure, when his subject brings too many things to his recollection, and pours remembrance full upon the eye. I love to go back to the moon-light eves of other years ; and I do confess, that the shimmer of a star over a city chimney ; the rustle of vines in its garden walks ; or the soft hum of a summer shower at night, tinkling on a thousand shadowy roofs around, and gurgling down the conduits of the eaves — those regular eaves-droppers — can awaken in me a multitude of pleasant thoughts, which lie too deep for tears. Unanswered aspirations come before me with their solemnities, and I hold a deeper communion with my Maker. Some soft instrument of music, touched by a fair hand, in the nocturnal hours, adds to the quietude, and I thank that Spirit for its spell, in hurried numbers :

When the worn heart its early dream,
 In darkness and in vain pursues,
 How shall the visionary gleam
 Of joy o'er life its charm diffuse ?
 How shall the glowing thought aspire,
 The cheek with passion's flush be warm,
 Or the dim eyes resume their fire,
 Their sunshine, victory of the storm ?

Ah, who can tell ? Not thou, whose words
 Are lightest, liveliest of the throng ;
 Whose carol, like the summer bird's,
 Pours out the winning soul of song ;
 Not thou, whose calm and shining brow,
 The sadness of thy strain belies ;
 Whose spirits, like thy music, flow,
 Won from the founts of Paradise !

BY-THE-BY, the first individual from whom I ever heard an amatory effusion, was an immense arrangement of flesh and blood — a milliner, from Yorkshire, in England. She had come from home, with her large fat face, with all the bloom on, and with big watery eyes. How she would flatter herself that she was enchanting the students, as, in quizzing convocations, they invited her at green-horn parties, (after a turn at Blind Man's Buff, or some such highly intellectual game,) to sing ' Oh, 'tis Love — 'tis Love ! ' Her stupendous chest seemed to expand with the tender passion ; and oh — ears, that were searched with the volume of her notes, attest the fact — how she tortured the attentive tympanum ! In form, as I have said, she was immense ; a John Reeve in petticoats, and not unlike that most fantastic Cupid. Gentle Giantess ! Many years have passed, since she chaunted to those roystering ' Academy boys ! ' If she yet live, she might say ' *Here !* ' to Elia's description of her whilome Oxford

counterpart: 'There may be her parallel upon the earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brainford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her gait—with as few offences to answer for in her own particular as any of Eve's daughters—her back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadillos that have been committed since Adam. She girdeth her waist—or what she is pleased to esteem as such—nearly up to her shoulders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal expanse, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Respect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who follow her about in shoals, whenever she cometh abroad, from getting up and riding. But her presence infallibly commands a reverence. She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. Her person is a burthen to herself, no less than the ground which bears her. To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal, which makes the depth of winter to her the most desirable season. Her distress in the warmer solstice is pitiable. During the months of July and August, she usually renteth a cool cellar, where ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday—some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer is pervious to the four winds. Two doors in north and south direction, and two windows fronting the rising and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught. That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful face-ache, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught, sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan, in ordinary, resembleth a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensurate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favorite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she reposeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her movement, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching, I have traversed with her many scores of acres on those well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, where, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and Christ's college—some litigation, latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in Christ's—where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in fact, pressing and breaking of it down with her enormous settlement; as both of those foundations, who, however, are good-natured enough to wink at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the

walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book — blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow, (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods,) or stray Master of Arts, (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner bell,) with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature.'

YET the burden of love and song, after all, hallows every thing it bends withal. Poetry is your true dignifier of the work-day world. In amber, your fly may go down balmy to other ages, that without that sweet consistence for an overcoat, shall smell to heaven from the shambles, or be passed with a buzz of contempt by surviving friends of his race, of either gender, as they disport themselves, in impassioned union, on a warm summer pane. Even servitude may thus be embellished by song, and the humblest stations win the highest flights. Here followeth a strain to a *waiter's* memory, well known to the denizens of Brotherly Love, in other hours, — but now laid i' the earth, with all odors and honor. Some lines therein shall be seen *italicized*. 'Tis a work of mine, for which I crave the pardon of the friend from whose rare harp the numbers come:

ODE TO BOGLE.

DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, AND A PIECE OF MINT-STICK, TO META B —, AGED FOUR YEARS.

'Restituit rem cunctaudo.' — EUN. AP. CICERO.

'Of Brownis and of Bogilis ful is this buke.' — GAWIN DOUGLAS.

BOGLE! not he whose shadow flies
Before a frightened Scotchman's eyes,
But thou of Eighth near Sansom — thou,
Colorless color'd man, whose brow
Unmoved the joys of life surveys,
Untouched the gloom of death displays;
Reckless if joy or grief prevail,
Stern, multifarious BOGLE, hail!

Hail may'st thou Bogle, for thy reign
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,
Begins before our earliest breath,
Nor ceases with the hour of death:
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed,
Unless thy care the supper spread;
Half christened only were that boy,
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,
If, supper finished, cakes and wine
Were given by any hand but thine;
And Christian burial e'en were scant,
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.
Lover of pomps! the dead might rise,
And feast upon himself his eyes,
When marshalling the black array,
Thou rul'st the sadness of the day;
Teaching how grief should be genteel,
And legatees should *seem* to feel.
Death's seneschal! 'tis thine to trace
For each his proper look and place,
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,
With hostile cousins, hand in hand,
Give matchless gloves, and fitly shape
By length of face the length of crape.

See him erect, with lofty tread,
 The dark scarf streaming from his head,
 Lead forth his groups in order meet,
 And range them, *grief-wise*, in the street;
 Presiding o'er the solemn show,
The very Chesterfield of wo.
 Evil to him should bear the pall,
 Yet comes too late or not at all;
 Wo to the mourner who shall stray
 One inch beyond the trim array;
 Still worse, the kinsman who shall move,
 Until thy signal voice approve.

Let widows, anxious to fulfil,
 (For the first time,) the dear man's will,
 Lovers and lawyers ill at ease,
 For bliss deferr'd, or loss of fees,
 Or heirs, impatient of delay,
 Chafe inly at his formal stay;
 The Bogle heeds not; firm and true,
 Resolved to give the dead his due,
 No jot of honor will he bate,
 Nor stir towards the church-yard gate,
 Till the last parson is at hand,
And every hat has got its band.
Before his stride the town gives way —
 Beggars and belles confess his sway;
 Drays, prudes, and sweeps, a startled mass,
 Rein up to let his cortège pass,
 And Death himself, *that ceaseless dun,*
 Who waits on all, yet waits for none,
 Rebuked beneath his haughty tone,
 Scarce dares to call his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man! thy power,
 In festal than in funeral hour,
 When gas and beauty's blended rays
 Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze;
 Or spermaceti's light reveals
More 'inward bruises' than it heals;
 In flames each belle her victim kills,
 And '*sparks fly upward*' in quadrilles,
 Like iceberg in an Indian clime,
 Refreshing Bogle breathes sublime,
 Cool airs upon that sultry stream,
 From Roman punch or frosted cream.

So, sadly social, when we flee
From milky talk and watery tea,
 To dance by inches in that strait
 Betwixt a side-board and a grate,
 With rug uplift, and blower tight,
 'Gainst that foul fire-fiend, anthracite,
 Then Bogle o'er the weary hours
 A world of sweets incessant showers,
 Till, blest relief from noise and foam,
 The farewell pound-cake warns us home.
 Wide opens the crowd to let thee pass,
 And hail the music of thy glass.
 Drowning all other sounds, e'en those
 From Bollman or Sigoigne that rose;
 From Chapman's self some eye will stray
 To rival charms upon thy tray,
 Which thou dispensest with an air,
 As life or death depended there.
 Wo for the luckless wretch, whose back
 Has stood against a window crack,
 And then impartial, cool'st in turn
 The youth *whom love and Lehigh burn.*

On Johnson's smooth and placid mien
 A quaint and fitful smile is seen ;
 O'er Shepherd's pale romantic face,
 A radiant simper we may trace ;
 But on the Bogle's steadfast cheek,
 Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak.
 His very smile, *serenely stern,*
As lighted lachrymatory urn.
 In church or state, in bower and hall,
 He gives with equal face to all :
 The wedding cake, the funeral crape,
 The mourning glove, the festal grape ;
 In the same tone when crowd's disperse,
Calls Powel's hack, or Carter's hearse ;
 As gently grave, as sadly grim,
At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou social Fabius ! since the day,
 When Rome was saved by wise delay,
 None else has found the happy chance,
 By always waiting, to advance.
 Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,
 Pass on, yet hope to be pursued,
 Thy gentler nature waits on all ;
 When parties rage, on thee they call,
 Who seek no office in the state,
 Content, while others push, to wait.

Yet, (not till Providence bestowed
 On Adam's sons McAdam's road,)
 Unstumbling foot was rarely given
 To man nor beast when quickly driven ;
 And they do say, but this I doubt,
 For seldom he lets things leak out,
 They do say, ere the dances close,
 His too are 'light fantastic toes.'
 Oh, if this be so, Bogle ! then
 How are we served by serving men !
 A waiter by his weight forsaken !
 An undertaker — overtaken !

L' ENVOI.

META ! thy riper years may know
 More of this world's fantastic show ;
 In thy time, as in mine, shall be,
 Burials and pound-cake, beaux and tea ;
 Rooms shall be hot, and ices cold,
 And firts be both, as 't was of old ;
 Love, too, and mint-stick shall be made,
 Some dearly bought, some lightly weighed ;
 As true the hearts, the forms as fair,
 And equal joy and grace be there,
 The smile as bright, as soft the ogle,
 But never — never such a Bogle !

ONE word in your ear, reader, before we part. The writer of the foregoing is a 'Monster.' If you would see his like, (in some men's opinion,) consult Homer, Milton, and Dante, *passim*. You shall not find, in all their pages, a monster of more *note*, or one that less deserves the name. He is a summer's morning monster, and wears the brighter as the calmness of the mid-day hours plays full upon him. I have given you a clue — resolve me my Riddle.

Totally thine,

OLLAPOD.

THE FOREST TREE.

Dropp'd by the squirrel or the bird,
Perchance the nut, from whence its birth,
Was by the rabbit's foot interr'd
Within the soft, moist forest earth.
Urged by its secret principle,
It burst from out its perish'd shell,
To seek the light and air;
And by the nibbling fawn unseen,
Its downy twin-leaf'd stem grew green,
And rose a sapling there.

Its roots stretch'd out, its branches spread,
Thicken'd its trunk, until on high,
Cover'd with leaves, its lofty head
Made fret-work of its spot of sky.
A wand the robin bent, now stood
The giant monarch of the wood,
Where stoop'd the eagle's flight;
Once trembling at the slightest breath,
It now scarce deign'd to stir beneath
The tempest's fiercest might.

The deer amid its cool green gloom,
Sought refuge from the noon-tide heat,
And sounding in its leafy dome,
The thresher's warbled notes were sweet.
The sunbeams scarce could find their way
Through its thick screen, their spots to lay
Upon the roots below,
That wreath'd deep, mossy nooks, where led
The quail her brood, when winter spread
His chilling robes of snow.

And nature's jewels, radiant things,
Lov'd the green sylvan place; the bee
Turning to harps its quivering wings,
With arrowy straightness sought the tree.
Floated the yellow butterfly,
A wandering dot of sunshine, by,
And nestling mid its moss,
The sky-ting'd violet's fairy cup
Its draught of fragrance offer'd up
To airs that stole across.

Its branches form'd the panther's lair,
When waiting for his deadly leap,
And in its hollow'd trunk the bear
Coil'd his black form in torpid sleep.
Ages of springs renew'd its crown,
Ages of autumns cast it down,
Till heaps on heaps were strown;
Lichens crept up its furrow'd side,
Its very race of eagles died,
But still it flourish'd on.

But its time came: its figure droop'd,
Leaves came no more in vernal days,
And threads of pale green moss were loop'd
Around its dry and shrunken sprays.
It stood a spectre, gaunt and bare,
Reaching a shrivell'd arm in air,
To court the lightning's dart,
Until the tempest stoop'd, and cast
Its red sulphureous bolt at last,
And scorch'd it to the heart.

Then as the gust came whirling round,
 It shook from root to pinnacle,
 And headlong to the echoing ground,
 It hurtling, crashing, thundering fell !
 Melting away, the fractur'd trunk
 To a green moss-mound slowly sunk,
 Until the soil crept o'er,
 And, by its solemn mystery,
 Took to itself the stately tree,
 Which once it proudly bore.

Monticello, (N. Y.) 1838.

ALFRED B. STREET.

'REJECTED ADDRESSES' AND 'WARRENIANA.'

NUMBER TWO.

SINCE our last number, introducing the 'Rejected Addresses' as a new acquaintance to many, and a rare one to all, who peruse our pages, a considerate friend has furnished us with a choice copy of the eighteenth London edition, elegantly produced, some few years since, from the press of MURRAY, embellished with spirited portraits of the two SMITHS, and other illustrations, and enriched with the latest preface, notes, and revisions. From this edition, we gather various interesting particulars and anecdotes, which we are well pleased to be able to lay before our readers. It should seem, that after the hurried execution of their project, the brothers had the greatest difficulty in procuring a publisher, although they asked nothing for their mss. After some half a dozen amusing rebuffs, from very discriminating bibliopoles, and at a moment when their 'Addresses' were in every sense 'rejected,' they were so fortunate as to betake themselves to JOHN MILLER, who at once took upon himself the risk of publication, promising half the profits, should any accrue, to the gifted but inexperienced authors. So rapid and decided was their success, that they were shortly enabled to dispose of their half copy-right to the publisher, for five thousand dollars! What a lesson to stupid book-sellers, as well as young writers, conscious of 'the gift within!'

After a lapse of twenty years, the successful authors state, much to the credit of the *genus irritabile*, that none of those whom they had parodied or burlesqued, ever betrayed the least soreness in relation to the satire, or refused to join in the laugh which so widely distended the national mouth. 'I must certainly have written this myself,' said Scott, to one of the authors, pointing to the admirable description of 'the burning,' although I forget upon what occasion! Even the very motto* chosen, Sir Walter informed the annotator he had himself pitched upon, as appropriate to his collected works. Lord Byron wrote to Murray from Italy, 'Tell him I forgive him, though

* 'Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase.'

DON QUIXOTTE.

he were twenty times our satirist.' Some were led astray by the disguise assumed; and a Leicestershire clergyman is said to have uttered this unique criticism: 'I don't see why they should have been rejected; I think some of them are very good!' Rogers and Campbell they could not imitate, without giving a servile copy of their manner, or an unrecognizable caricature. They claim to be ranked among the most ardent admirers of Coleridge and Wordsworth, notwithstanding they admit having pounced upon the popular ballads of the latter, and attempted to push their simplicity into puerility and silliness. This, it is added, was at a time when they were less conversant with the higher aspirations of his muse. In the notes, are sundry personal anecdotes of the lampooned subjects. Among others, the loyal Fitzgerald is mentioned, as an inflated actor, at a minor theatre, 'playing Zanga in a wig too small for his head.' He was first met by one of the authors at the table of an old lord, 'who familiarly called him 'Fitz,' but forgot to name him in his will.' It was this worthy of whom Byron spoke:

—— 'Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.'

An obliging journalist dropped a hint, that we might find much food for fun in 'WARRENIANA,' a small volume which the authors of 'Rejected Addresses' were induced to put forth, by the great popularity which that work speedily attained. We sought the little booklet with great perseverance and zeal. The libraries had it not. Some persons there were who *had* had it, but none *had* it. Straightway we advertised it in the daily prints; and lo! early in the morning, on the fifth day thereafter, comes us the tome; thin, yellow, and ragged, but not ill-preserved, by one who knew that it had 'that within which passéd show.' Of this 'Warreniana,' therefore, we propose to treat, in connexion with a farther notice of the 'Rejected Addresses,' than which it is scarcely less rich and matter-full.

In the introduction, by the assumed editor, Mr. GIFFORD, whose characteristic style is well preserved throughout, a history of the origin of 'Warreniana' is given, with the usual 'prolonged brevity' of that writer. After stating, that while languishing away six years of his life, as an apprentice to a shoe-maker, he had diverted *ennui*, by occasional correspondence with his early friend and school-mate, ROBERT WARREN, he adds, that when afterward himself was a student at Oxford, and his friend was pursuing his slow but certain career of blacking manufacturer, under the fostering patronage of the metropolis, their attachment remained unabated; so much so, indeed, that whenever he meditated a few days' retirement from the fatigue of literary pursuits, his inclination had always a reference to the Strand. 'It was during one of these later visits,' continues Mr. Gifford, 'in the autumn of 18—, when both (shall I be excused the expression?) had acquired some little celebrity, that my friend proposed to me the editorship of the present volume. He was pleased to add, that the circumstance of my previous apprenticeship to a shoe-maker, peculiarly fitted me for the task, and that he would diminish what remained of difficulty, by his own immediate coöperation. It appeared, when I catechized him on the subject, that in

order to increase his connection, he had been for years in the habit of retaining the services of eminent literary characters. This, joined to his own poetical abilities, which displayed themselves in perpetual advertisements, had considerably enhanced the value of his profession. Still, a something seemed wanting; one complete edition of 'Warreniana,' to which the public might refer, as certificates of his merit. With this view, he had lately engaged all the intellect of England in his behalf; each author furnishing a modicum of praise, in the style to which he was best adapted, and receiving in return a recompense proportioned to its worth.' The erudite editor goes on to detail the difficulties which he encountered in sifting the various manuscripts, and ascertaining their authenticity; in the hieroglyphic confusion of characters, obscurity of the text, and of local allusions; and in the flimsy and apocryphal testimony on which many of the facts were set forth. All these verbal and local difficulties, however, are nullified by voluminous critical and explanatory notes at the end of the work; and they constitute not the least laughable portions of the volume. In conclusion, Mr. Gifford takes great credit to himself for not having excluded contributors of a different political faith from his own; and tenders his thanks for the generous assistance he has received in his labors, especially to D'ISRAELI, for the valuable light he had enabled him to throw upon the nature and origin of 'lollipop,' mentioned in LEIGH HUNT's 'Nursery Ode;' to the reporter of the 'Times,' for the zeal with which he proffered the parliamentary debate upon Warren, and to his memorable coadjutor, the Coryphæus of blacking manufacturers, himself. The whole is dedicated to the 'King's Most Excellent Majesty,' by a 'devout admirer of church and state, who presumes to lay the succeeding pages, with characteristic propriety, at his feet;' and who adds, in relation to his subject: 'That as yet this mighty manufacturer has lived comparatively unnoticed, he casts no reflection on your Majesty. He resigns that office to his blacking.' A delicate hint, that his Majesty might see his face in his own boots, if it were his good fortune to patronize Warren!

We now proceed to our extracts; simply premising, that as well for variety as convenience, we shall draw from each work alternately. We promised some passages from 'The Baby's Début,' by WORDSWORTH; and therefore annex a few stanzas, in which the mawkish affectation of childish simplicity and nursery stammering of 'Alice Fell' is well preserved. The Address is spoken in the character of 'Nancy Lake,' a girl of eight years, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise, by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter:

'My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on new-year's day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop,
Papa, (he's my papa and Jack's,)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

'Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

'Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlor door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window pane.

'This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right!
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

'Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, 'O naughty Nancy Lake!
Thus to distress your aunt :
No Drury Lane for you to-day !'
And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may !'
Mamma said, 'No, she shant !'

'Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go : one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

'The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room :
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brush'd it with a broom.

'My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam :)
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am !'

This is very good, yet inferior, we think, to the 'Old Cumberland Pedlar,' in 'Warreniana,' which is really the perfection of parody. We annex a passage or two. The first is a description given by 'Old Solitary,' of an '*Excursion*' which he once took among the passes of Helvellyn, where he saw WARREN's name engraved upon the rocks :

'It chanced one summer morn I passed the clefts
Of Silver-How, and turning to the left,
Fast by the blacksmith's shop, two doors beyond
Old Stubb's, the tart-woman's, approached a glen
Secluded as a coy nun from the world.
Beauteous it was, but lonesome ; and while I
Leaped up for joy to think that earth was good
And lusty in her boyhood, I beheld
Graven on the tawny rock these magic words,
'BUY WARREN'S BLACKING !'

'Then in thought I said,
My stars, how we improve ! Amid these scenes
Where hermit nature, jealous of the world,
Guards from profane approach her solitude ;
E'en here, despite each fence, adventurous art
Thrusts her intrusive puffs ; as though the rocks
And waterfalls were mortals, and wore shoes.

'That morn I lost my breakfast, but returning
Home through the New Cut, by Charles Fleming's field,
Westward of Rydal Common, and below
The horse-pond, where our sturdy villagers
Duck all detected vagrants, I espied
A solitary stranger ; like a snail
He wound along his narrow course with slow
But certain step, and lightly as he paced,
Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat,
What seemed to my dim eyes a handkerchief,
And forthwith blew his nose : the adjacent rocks,
Like something starting from a hurried sleep,
Took up the snuffling twang and blew again.
That ancient woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern ; Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of Silver-How sent back
Their nasal contributions ; Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone.'

For this closing catalogue of mountains, *vide* Wordsworth's 'Johanna.' The Solitary goes on to say, that he is an agent for Warren's blacking, and that he is travelling for the purpose of engraving the manufacturer's name upon picturesque rocks, to the end that a 'tide of wealth may roll into the sea of Number Thirty, Strand.'

The episode of the gnat-bite, which succeeds to the old man's story, is too characteristic to be omitted :

'When Peter ended, I proposed a walk
To Rydal, for the day was fresh with youth,
And thousand burnished insects on the wing,
The bee, the butterfly, and humming gnat,
Flew swift as years of childhood o'er our heads.
Touching these gnats, I could not choose but feel,
When I had walked, perhaps, some minutes' space,
The venomous superficies of a pimple,
On the left side my nose : 't was streaked with hues
Of varied richness, like a summer eve ;
And edged, as is the thunder-cloud, with tints
Albescent, and alarming to the eye.
It was a gnat-bite!! On the previous eve,
When, rapt in thought by lone Helvellyn's side,
My fancy slept ; this unrelenting insect
Marking his hour, had borne me company,
And tweaked a memorandum on my nose.

The picture of Peter Bell's external aspect, has its recorded counterpart, as the reader will at once discover :

—— 'He was clad
In thick buff waistcoat, cotton pantaloons
I' the autumn of their life, and wore beside
A drab great coat, on whose pearl buttons beamed
The beauty of the morning ; as we strolled,
I could not choose but ask his age, assured
That he was seventy-five at least, and though
He did not own it, I'm convinced he was.'

WASHINGTON IRVING, 'trailing the flowery vines of poetry along the formal walks of prose,' is well imitated in the following extract, which succeeds a florid description of the enthusiasm with which the writer first wandered about London, ferreting out 'those sweet but unobtrusive nestling-places, which are consecrated by the recollection of living or departed genius.' Roscoe, in the 'Sketch-Book,' appears to have been the personal model. The author is here worshipping at the shrine of the 'manufacturer and minstrel of the Strand :

'As, for this reverential purpose, I was once buying a pot of blacking, at Number 30 Strand, my attention was attracted to a person who was seated, in a state of deep abstraction, behind the counter. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by care, perhaps by business. He had a noble Roman style of countenance, a head that would have pleased a painter ; and though some slight furrows on either side his nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance, that indicated a being of a different order, from the bustling shop-boys around him.

'I inquired his name, and was informed that it was WARREN. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an artist of celebrity ; this was one of those imaginative spirits, whose newspaper advertisements had gone forth to the ends of the earth, and with whose blacking I had polished my shoes, even in

the solitudes of America! It was a moment pregnant with emotion; and though the popular graces of his poetry had made me familiar with the name of Warren, yet it could not diminish the reverence which his immediate presence inspired.

'As I quitted his abode, the recollection of this great man gave a tone of deep meditation to my mind. I recalled what I had heard of his character, his lowly origin, and subsequent elevation; his unconquerable diligence, and rich poetic fancy. Nature, I internally exclaimed, appears to have disseminated her bounties with a more impartial profusion than our vanity is willing to allow. If to one favorite she has assigned the glittering endowments of rank and fortune, she has compensated the want of them in another, by an intellect of superior elevation. Such has been the case with Mr. Warren. Though humble in origin, and suckled amid scenes repulsive to the growth of mind, he has yet contrived to hew himself a path to the Temple of Fame, and having become the poetical paragon of the Strand, has turned the whole force of his genius to manufacture and to eulogize his blacking. This prudent concentration of his faculties has been attended with the most felicitous consequences. The stream of his fancy, that before flowed over a wide, ungrateful surface, by contracting its channel has deepened its power, and now rolls onward to the ocean of eternity, reflecting on its bosom the rich lights of pöesy and wit.

'Independently, however, of his imagination, this mighty manufacturer has shown how much may be effected by diligence alone, and how attractive it may present itself in the columns of a newspaper, the placards of a pedestrian, or the sides of a church-yard wall. The memoranda of his name and profession display themselves in alphabetical beauty, at every department of the metropolis. They have elbowed Doctor Solomon's Elixir, pushed Day and Martin from their stools, and taken the wall of that interesting anomaly, the Mermaid. Such is the triumph of genius. Doctor Solomon is dead and gone, and there is no balm in Gilead; but Warren's blacking will be immortal. Its virtues will insure its eternity; for not only doth it irradiate boots, shoes, and slippers, with a gentle and oleaginous refulgence, but while it preserves the leather, it cherishes, like piety, the old and stricken sole.

'In America, we know Mr. Warren only as the tradesman; in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he is spoken of as the poet; and at the Canaries, on my voyage to England, I was told by a Hottentot of his having been unfortunate in love. I was sensibly afflicted at the intelligence, but felt that the illustrious invalid was far, far above the reach of pity. There are some lofty minds that soar superior to calamity, as the Highlands of the Hudson tower above the clouds of earth. Warren has a soul of this stamp. His majestic spirit may feel, but will not bow before the strong arm of adversity. The blighting winds of care may howl around him in their fury, but like the oak of the forest, he will stand unshaken to the last. Beside, it may, perhaps, be to this very accident that his advertisements owe their charm; for the mind, when breathed over by the scathing mildew of calamity, naturally turns for refreshment to its own healing stores of intellect.

'I do not wish to censure, but surely, surely if the commercial residents of the Strand had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. Warren and themselves, they would have evinced some public mark of sympathy with his misfortune. They would have shown him those gentle and unobtrusive attentions which win their way in silence to the heart, when the more noisy professions of esteem stick like Amen in the larynx of Macbeth. Even I, stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, can heave the sigh of pity for his sorrows; what then should be the sensibility of those who have seen him grow up a bantling, as it were, of their own; who have marked the plant put forth its first tender blossoms, and watched its growing luxuriance, until the period when it overshadowed the Strand with the matured abundance of its foliage?

'But it is an humbling reflection for the pride of human intellect, that the value of an object is seldom felt, until it be for ever lost. Thus, when the grave has closed around him, the name of Warren may be possibly recalled with sentiments of sincerest affection. At present, while yet in existence, he is undervalued by an invidious vicinity. But the man of letters, who speaks of the Strand, speaks of it as the residence of Warren. The intelligent traveller who visits it, inquires where Warren is to be seen. He is the literary land-mark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like Pompey's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.'

'DRURY'S DIRGE,' by 'LAURA MATILDA,' is an admirable satire upon that species of writing, in which no very precise ideas are affixed to the words employed, and wherein *jingle* is the only thing aimed at. The whip and branding-iron were here effectively applied. 'Laura Matilda' was wont to poke out a weekly crudity in the Morning Post; but after the appearance of the 'Addresses,' she ceased altogether to write, and ever after remained *incog*. We can spare but small space for 'Drury's Doleful Dirge.' A few stanzas are annexed:

'See Erostratus the second,
Fires again Diana's fane;
By the Fates from Orcus beckon'd,
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

'Lurid smoke and frank suspicion,
Hand in hand reluctant dance:
While the god fulfils his mission,
Chivalry resign thy lance.

'Hark! the engines blandly thunder,
Fleecy clouds dishevelled lie,
And the firemen, mute with wonder,
On the son of Saturn cry.

'See the bird of Ammon sailing,
Perches on the engine's peak
And the Eagle firemen hailing,
Soothes them with its bickering beak.

'Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
Level'd with the shuddering stones;
Mars with tresses black and gory,
Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

'Hark! what soft Eolian numbers
Gem the blushes of the morn;
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

'Ha! I hear the strain erratic,
Dimly glance from pole to pole,
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
Fire my everlasting soul!

'Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of wo,
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!

THE prose imitations, in 'Warreniana,' are most felicitous. That of MULS, entitled 'Digression on the Family of WARREN, at the time of the Crusades,' wherein the lineage of the Strand artizan is traced, with the tedious minuteness of a prosy historian, to a remote ancestor, 'Peter de la Warene,' is capital. The 'Parliamentary Debate on Warren's blacking,' also, by the Reporter of the Times newspaper, in outline and detail, is in perfect keeping. 'Boz' must have had this debate in mind, when he recorded the noisy discussion of the Pickwick Club. An honorable member, who has vehemently advocated a reduction of the expenses attending Warren's blacking, as used for the army, and particularly the Horse Guards, and who has shown that nine thousand pounds, and an odd sixpence, may be saved to the country, by abridging the jack-boots of the Guards to Wellingtons, and cleaning the substitutes but twice a week, instead of every day, as in the case of the original article, is succeeded by Mr. BROUGHAM, who rises to address the house, and to 'speak the indignant language of a prostituted, insulted, and inconceivably-im-poverished nation.' The reader is desired to note how the sentences are packed one within another, like untrimmed bonnets in a milliner's shop :

'It is a well accredited fact, Sir, that Warren's blacking possesses the lucid properties of a mirror, and when rightly applied to leather, lends it an inexpressible polish. Now supposing that our Horse Guards have already made this discovery — a discovery as palpable as the characteristic activity of our chancellor — is it not highly probable that, from motives of economy, they will forthwith dispense with mirrors ? And if this omission is to take place in four full regiments of Guards alone, to say nothing of the band, as my honorable friend observed, and a more accomplished band of brigands never yet disturbed the patience of an insulted nation, a patience equalled only by the identical animal that chews the thistle ; if, I repeat, this diabolical omission is to take place, is it not as notorious as the corruption of parliament — (and what can be more notoriously corrupt ?) — that the glass manufacturers must be ruined ? We all know the contemptible caprice of that senseless idol, fashion ; and I make no doubt, that if Warren's blacking be encouraged among these Prætorian guards to its present extent — an extent destructive alike to the country and the crown, to the country from its precedent, and to the crown from its absurdity — we shall see mirrors universally discarded. Let me entreat this house then to reflect, solemnly reflect, ere it sanction such notable injustice. Every manufacturer, be he who or what he may, merits equally the encouragement of Parliament ; but why sacrifice hundreds to the interests of one individual ? Did the house, let me ask, ever see the individual for whose gains it is thus shamefully solicitous ? If they did, they will not easily forget him, for a more horrible and hoary wretch exists not on the face of the earth. The never-to-be forgotten expression of that eye, that nose — that mouth — the muddy channels of those cheeks — channels to which Fleet ditch were a river of paradise, and a horse-pond a fountain of the Nile — all — all betoken the pander to pub-

lic prodigality. Yet this is the man — this the Eblis — this the Juggernaut of commerce, under whose overwhelming influence its very life-blood must be crushed out. Oh! let it not be said that the corrupt partialities which taint our political constitution could, even in this humble instance, so effectually blight its character, as to sink it in eternal condemnation at the tribunal of after ages. (*The awful solemnity of this address drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house.*)

An amusing scene ensues, wherein Mr. Canning replies to a personal attack of the honorable speaker, '*That's a lie!*' The whole business seems likely to have a hostile termination, when a member, anxious to restore harmony, modestly proposes that the disputants cool themselves by perusing each two chapters of the aggressor's '*Constitutional History of Rome.*' 'A punishment so heavily disproportioned to the offence,' says the reporter, 'alarmed the compassionate justice of the whole house!' After an awful pause, order is restored, by a member who slips behind Mr. Brougham, and thrust into his hand '*The Whole Duty of Man,*' and another, who presents Mr. Canning with '*Baxter's Call to the Unconverted!*' The belligerent speaker, bent upon inflating the nation with sighs it never heaved, and deluging it with tears it never dreamed of shedding, proceeds to enforce the necessity of severest retrenchment:

'Had Mr. Burke been still alive, he would have agreed with me, I am persuaded, in opinion, and by way of commencement would have pulled off the jack-boots of our Horse Guards — with or without *boot-jacks*, as it may have suited the emergency of the case — if, indeed, any case was ever before reduced to so deplorable an emergency — an emergency proceeding from the superlative follies of government — of a government notorious for every species of gratuitous infamy — Mr. Burke, I repeat, would have commenced his labors by abridging, in the first place, the above-mentioned extravagance of our Guards; secondly, by applying his cautery to the diseased members of our city institutions — provided at least, that precious body corporate be not already too far advanced in the lowest stages of political putrefaction; and, thirdly, by a radical overthrow of that carnivorous band of corpulence and voracity, the beef eaters, (*a groan from Sir W—C—s*), who, under the present delectable régime, are kept, like hyænas at Brookes's, to eat up the garbage of government. To the members of this house then, individually and collectively, I address myself, earnestly hoping that they will commence a similar task of retrenchment — if indeed retrenchment be not yet too late; too late, I mean, in allusion to the time that has elapsed since it was first found to be necessary; necessary, I would observe, both to the two houses of parliament and the nation in general; general, I would add, in the most extended meaning of the term; and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the throne of mercy, (*Hear, hear,*) that the strong arm of government may be palsied, and its late intolerant acts — acts fit only for a Ferdinand or a fiend — be forcibly crammed down the œsophagus of the bungling artisans who framed them!'

Mr. CANNING rejoins, in defence of the 'existing abuses,' and contends that jack-boots, 'anointed with the refreshing dew of Warren's blacking, are found to answer every purpose of a suitable and successful equivalent' to looking-glasses; and he quotes, in ornate phrase, and amid 'loud cheers,' the authority of a colonel in the Guard, that for three uninterrupted weeks he had mown the adhesive thistles of his chin through the enlightened medium of his jack-boots, and the whole mess had put on their black stocks and stays by the same luminous assistance! In allusion to a proposition of 'the gentleman last up,' to employ steam in boot-cleaning, Mr. Canning says: 'Let him apply its undeveloped energies to his own eternal orations, and I will answer that, provided it accelerates their utterance, it will be carried by a triumphant majority.' A succession of similar sharp shocks are administered to the reformer, after which the honorable secretary closes with as fine and prolonged a specimen of parliamentary hyperbole, in praise of the 'scientific Archimedes of the Strand,' as one could find of a summer's day.

MOORE is duly honored, both in the 'Rejected Addresses,' and 'Warreniana.' 'Living Lustres,' in the former, is a fair imitation of his style, when he gives us the lees of his good wine; when he is merely gallant — not lured by voluptuousness, nor enough in earnest to be tender. The reader should keep in mind the theatre, while we annex a few stanzas:

'How well would our actors attend to their duties,
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young beauties,
Glanced light from their eyes between us and the pit!

'The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
By woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in Theatre, Senate, or College;
I mean the love apples that bloom in the eyes.'

'Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate blushes
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile;
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle.

'For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Though joyous are sober, though peaceful are brave!

'The shamrock their olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows;
Their sprig of shillelah is nothing but laurel,
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows.

'Oh! soon shall they burst the tyrannical shackles,
Which each panting bosom indignantly names,
Until not one goose at the capital cackles,
Against the grand question of catholic claims.

'And then shall each Paddy, who once on the Liffey
Perchance held the helm of some mackerel hoy,
Hold the helm of the state, and dispense in a jiffy
More fishes than ever he caught when a boy.'

The pillars alluded to in the third stanza, were green; the color reminds the bard of the Emerald Isle; and this causes him to fly off at a tangent, and Hibernicize the rest of the poem. The 'List of Loves,' in the second-named work, with 'List, list, oh list!' from Hamlet, as a motto, is sufficiently Mooreish:

'Come, fill high the bowl, 't is in vain to repine
That the sun of life's summer is o'er;
Mid the autumn of age this elixir of mine
Shall each moment of freshness restore;
E'en now its bright glow, by acquaintance improved,
Suns o'er each past extacy frozen,
Till fancy recalls the few friends I have loved,
And the girls I have kissed, by the dozen.

'By the dozen? — oh, monstrous mistake of the press!
For dozen, read hundreds, beginning
With Fanny of Timmol, the sylph whose caress
First set my weak spirit a-sinning:
I met her by night in the Liverpool stage,
Ere the stage of my youth was resigned;
Ah, Fan! thy sole guard in that passionate age,
Was the guard on the dickey behind.

'Pretty Sophy stood next on the lists of my love,
Till I found (but it might not be so,)
That her tenderest transports were tendered above,
While mine were all centered below;
So I left her one midsummer eve, with a kiss,
For I ne'er could from kissing refrain,
But honestly mean, when we next meet in bliss,
To give her the kiss back again.

'Oh, Kate was then all that a lover could seek,
With an eye whose least spark, full of soul,
Would madden a dozen young sparks in a week,
Though like Parry they lived at the pole:
In the fullness of bliss, she would whisper so coy,
'We were born, love, to bill and to coo';
Oh, Kitty! I ne'er paid a bill with such joy
As I paid my addresses to you.'

The allusion to Warren is adroitly kept back until the last, Moore being one of those laureates who think discretion as much the better part of compliment as of valor, and that it is 'better to insinuate praise, than to thrust it under the reader's nose, in broad and palpable panegyric.'

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING'S contribution to 'Warreniana' is inscribed, 'For Warren's Blacking; an Oration in One part.' He denounces the present 'thoughtless, godless generation,' whose 'vile and filthy speculations, engendered in the limbo of vanity, are hatched by the suns of sin upon the quicksands of this ball of earth;' and says farther: 'I can testify, I can testify, that they are crusted all over with leprous iniquities! * * * Men and brethren! is this always to continue, or is it to have an end? If, oblivious of your spiritual interests, ye resolve to brave it out, then look well to yourselves! — for even now I behold you bound, one and all, to the ocean of darkness, the steam-boat of sin awaiteth to carry ye across, the wind sits fair for Tophet, and the pilot, Death, stands

sniggering for very joy upon the deck ! But yet,' continues the great discoverer of the 'gift of tongues,' 'amid the sins, and the snares, and the sneers, of this stiff-necked, shameless generation, there is one man who hath eschewed the cud of iniquity like a cow, and addressing himself to a god-like life of science, hath dwelt alone, amid the crowded chaos of the Strand, like some bashful blossom in the wilderness. And he hath been rewarded with many new scientific discoveries ; for behold he hath made, in the stillness of his retreat, divers tuns of precious jet-black liquid, the which he hath put forth in comely stone bottles. But mark the invidious soul of this degraded age ! They have jeered, and back-bitten, and insulted his pure and poetic advertisements. And for what ? For daring to make them simple and scientific in expression, and grafting thereon sweet and salutary commendation of his blacking ! Had he sent his advertisements forth among courts and palaces, with portraitures by Westall affixed thereto, his musings had been more welcome ; but because the man hath valued modesty and common household truth, therefore he is designated a quack. It is not for me, albeit a devout admirer, to attempt any first-rate advocacy of his cause ; but thus much I may be permitted to add, that before the fame of the man Warren shall expire, the 'heartless Childe' shall take unto himself the editorship of the *Evangelical Magazine* ; his staves, forgotten and forgiven of all, shall be cengulfed in the æstuary of oblivion, and mine own immortal orations be sent to keep them company on the voyage !'

'THE REBUILDING,' by SOUTHEY, one of the best of the 'Addresses,' is too long for insertion entire, and quite unsusceptible of curtailment. It is modelled after 'The Curse of Kehama,' with an opening in imitation of the 'Funeral of Arvalan.' Nothing could be more admirable than the measure and diction. The 'Carmen Triumphale,' of 'Warreniana,' also, by the same, we should be glad to quote ; but the tyranny of space is despotic. COLERIDGE'S 'Dream, a Psychological Curiosity,' elaborately diabolized, is less intractable, or more extractable, in fragments ; we therefore annex the reply of Warren to Satan, in Hades, (whither the poet has accompanied him,) who has boasted that the waters of Styx are blacker than his 'best article,' and capable of giving a handsomer gloss to the infernal shoes and boots :

'Answered the Warren with choleric eye,
'Oh, king of the cock-tailed incubi !
The sneer of a fiend to your puffs you may fix,
But if, what is worse, you assert that your Styx
Surpasses my blacking, ('t was clear he was vexed,)
By Jove ! you will ne'er stick at any thing next.
I have dandies who laud me at Paine's and Almack's,
Despite Day and Martin, those emulous quacks,
And they all in one spirit of concord agree,
That my blacking is better than any black sea
Which flows through your paltry Avernus, I wis,
'Pshaw !' Satan replied, 'I'll be d — d if it is !'

'The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful sneer,
And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
Of the gathering dæmons, blue, yellow, and pink,
A bottle of blacking more sable than ink ;

With the waves of the Styx in a jiffy they tried it,
 But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it;
 'You mote as well liken the summer sky,'
 Quoth Warren the bold, 'with an Irish sty;
 The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
 As your lily-white river with me or mine.'

'Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played,
 At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
 And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
 He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box;
 Then summoned each dæmon to form a ring,
 And witness his truculent triumphing.
 The ring was formed and the twain set to,
 Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew.
 Satan was seconded in a crack,
 By Molineux, the American black,
 (Who sported an oath as a civil salam,)
 While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch Sam.
 Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
 Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
 Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
 As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
 Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
 In shapely pugilistic verse,
 (Albeit my fancy preferreth still
 The quiet of nature,) this desperate mill.'

The laughable descriptions of 'the fight,' and 'the rounds,' are they not written in the book? And is not the philosophy of dreams explained, in the most simple and satisfactory manner, in the 'introduction' of the never-to-be-sufficiently-lauded transcendental bard, who always kept a regular stud of night-mares, and could at any time let loose a torrent of images, words, and book-knowledge? He distinctly says: 'Kant, in his Treatise on the Phenomena of Dreams, is of opinion that the lens or focus of intestinal light ascending the œsophagus at right angles, a juxtaposition of properties takes place, so that the nucleus of the diaphragm, reflecting on the cerebellum the prismatic visions of the pilorus, is made to produce that marvellous operation of mind upon matter, better known by the name of dreaming!' What could be more clear!

SCOTT and BYRON are again travestied in 'Warreniana.' The first, in 'The Battle of Brentford-Green, a Poem in two Cantos,' describes a serious affray which, in the autumn of 1818, 'came off' between Warren and his rivals, Day and Martin, wherein, after a 'well-foughten field,' the former was victorious. We have 'The Wassail,' 'The Combat,' and 'L'Envoy;' and in the contribution of the second-named bard, 'The Childe's Pilgrimage,' in which diverse streets and scenes in London are minutely and characteristically described. As we have already given copious imitations of each of these poets, we refrain the more willingly from extracts. MONK LEWIS, whose Stygian imagination, teeming with all monstrous, all prodigious things, is generally pushed into regions of absurdity, is well represented in the 'Addresses,' by a poetical proxy, entitled 'Fire and Ale.' We annex a specimen:

'The fire king one day rather amorous felt;
 He mounted his hot copper filley;
 His breeches and boots were of tin, and the belt
 Was made of cast iron, for fear it should melt
 With the heat of the copper colt's belly.

'Sure never was skin half so scalding as his!
 When an infant, 't was equally horrid,
 For the water when he was baptized gave a fizz,
 And bubbled and simmer'd and started off, whizz!
 As soon as it sprinkled his forehead.

'Oh! then there was glitter and fire in each eye,
 For two living coals were the symbols;
 His teeth were calcined, and his tongue was so dry,
 It rattled against them as though you should try
 To play the piano in thimbles.

'When he opened his mouth out there issued a blast,
 (Nota bene, I do not mean swearing,)
 But the noise that it made and the heat that it cast,
 I've heard it from those who have seen it, surpass'd
 A shot manufactory flaring.

'He blaz'd and he blaz'd as he gallop'd to snatch
 His bride, little dreaming of danger;
 His whip was a torch, and his spur was a match,
 And over the horse's left eye was a patch,
 To keep it from burning the manger!

THERE is an admirable imitation, in the appendix, of those mystical fabrications which employ a large number of fairy creations, in connexion with sundry of 'us poor humans,' in the oddest juxtaposition. It is entitled 'The Apotheōsis of Warren, a Pastoral Mask.' The bard, in his vision, sees Warren lying dead, in the 'Temple of Art and Science,' on Mount Parnassus, and a set of sylphs strewing over him

'Cowslips, butter-cups and roses,
 Thyme with dulcet dew-drops wet,
 Sage and onions, pinks and posies,
 Cauliflower and Mignonette.'

While this is going forward, Oberon, king of the fairies, enters, and desires the pastoral worthies to pay their last respects to the defunct and gifted manufacturer. No sooner said than done. The monarch waves his gossamer spear, and instantly a select abundance of cherubs walk, two by two, like young ladies in a boarding-school, around the body. First come Oberon and Titania, hand in hand, and then, among others, the following *peculiarly appropriate* individuals, all of whom, it must be observed, have got pocket handkerchiefs, 'woven of aspen leaves,' applied to their eyes: Mab and Malibæus; Peasblossom and Theocritus; Pan, Puck, and Priapus; Ruth, Boaz, and Bottom; Gessner and Metastasio; Adonis and Caliban; Spenser and Proserpine; Flora, Faunus, and a Glendoveer in corduroy shorts; Florizel, Perdita, a warlock, two kelpies, and a bogle; Ariel in top-boots; Endymion and John Keats; Ac-teon and a wood-nymph in short petticoats; Ænone and Leigh Hunt; (this last in yellow breeches,) and lastly, the poet himself, with an ass's head for a hat!

THE reader must remember CANNING's song of the 'Knife-Grinder:'

'Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
 Keen blows the night-wind — your hat's got a hole in't —
 So have your breeches!'

and so forth. The imitation in 'Warreniana' is equally Sapphic. An apprentice, with a pot of 'Warren's Best,' addresses a 'friend of science':

'We shall be glad to have your honor's custom:
Sixpence a pot we charges for our best jet
Blacking; but if you give us back the pot, we
Makes an allowance!'

The pot is purchased, which elicits from the apprentice a laudatory burst of enthusiasm:

'Sing then, oh! sing his praises; and may London,
Hampstead and Highgate echo back the ditty,
While every night-wind whistles to the tune of
'Buy Warren's blacking!'

BUT the notes by the editor are best of all; and we close our long paper with three or four of them. In LEIGH HUNT's 'Nursery Ode' occur these lines:

'And, to love a martyr,
Apollo followed *arter*.'

Upon which Mr. Gifford remarks: 'The word *arter* or *a'ter*, as it is sometimes syncopated, with a broad inflexion of the first syllable, I find to be the Doric dialect of Cockaigne; a dialect in frequent use among those enlightened members of society, the washerwomen. In pronunciation, it claims analogy with the broad *αρεταν απο πασαν* of Pindar.' After the note has been sent to the press, he adds, that he has discovered, in an obsolete mss. pantomime, 'the production of one Shiels, a Scotchman, the phrase, 'What are you at, what are you *arter*?' He thence deduces the theatrical origin of the term, and expresses intense gratification, that his opinion is backed by the authority of a distinguished dramatist.

In Scorr's 'Battle of Brentford Green,' some dimness as to the *time* of the contest at first puzzles the editor; but he says, in a note: 'I am happy to state, that after much laborious investigation, I have ascertained the correct date of this battle. The generous friendship of Mr. D'Israeli has induced him to consult an old barrow-woman, who lives at Brentford, on the subject; and from whom he learns that the skirmish took place a month previous to the demise of her first husband. Now her first husband, as I learn from Mr. Crabbe's 'Parish Register,' died in the autumn of 1818. To this date, then, the point in question must be referred!' In the same poem, is this couplet:

—— 'The red banners formed by flap
Of two old shirts stitched flap to flap.'

In relation to which, it is observed: 'The indefatigable researches of my friend Mr. Francis Douce, have at last enabled him to procure one of these celebrated banners. It is quartered according to the most received military practices, and in the midst appears a portrait, which I at first mistook for the effigy of a goose and trimmings; but now find to compose the head and wig of my friend Robert Warren. On either side, are blazoned two blacking-brushes rampant, armed

and langued gules, with a pair of top-boots argent. The whole forms a striking heraldic curiosity !

'A note to the 'The Girl of Saint Mary-Axe,' by BARRY CORNWALL, illustrates, with proper ardor, the following lines :

'At times, in sullen silence, she would sit,
And pick a rose to pieces, and, while lay
The ruins on the floor, her pensive fit
Would joy to mark its colors fade away ;
'And thus,' she cried, 'will this here soul decay !'

'The phrase 'here,' says Mr. Gifford, 'possesses great expletive pathos, and appears synonymous with the '*sui ipsius*' of the most approved Latin writers. In circumstances of urgent distress, I know no expression that appeals more simply yet touchingly to the heart ; and the reader who can unmoved peruse the similar lament of the dying robber in Don Juan, 'Oh Jack ! I'm floored by that 'ere bloody Frenchman !' must be more or less than man. The language is truly Virgilian !'

In closing, we would suggest to such of our favored readers as *can* compass the original works from which we have quoted, to possess themselves of them, at 'the meetest vantage of the time.' We will insure them an excess of participation. Whether laughing at solemn apes, or embodying the peculiarities of acknowledged genius, the authors everywhere display an admirable artistic manner, and a minute fidelity of detail, the result not less of a searching examination and comparison of the several authors selected, than of entire ability to appreciate their merits, and scan their defects.

c.

STANZAS.

'Lumenque Juventæ Purpureum.'

Eyes that nor tears nor sorrows dim,
The cloudless brow, the elastic limb,
That seemed on air to tread,
With thoughts that made it witchery,
And bliss enough to breathe — and be,
These, these with youth are fled :

Fled, but not mourned : remembrance wakes
No bitter pang for what Time takes ;
I mourn for what he brings !
The dread realities of truth,
Sad substitutes for dreams of youth,
This, this the bosom wrings !

Each generous feeling unsubdued,
As yet by fraud — that Friendship wooed,
Nor asked the costly price !
Alas ! though quell'd, cannot be killed,
But droop, by cold experience chill'd,
Like flowrets locked in ice.

Youth's jocund suns, and seasons blithe,
When Time had wings but ne'er a scythe,
With these I camly part ;
But, as the wreck that braves the deep,
Oh, let me still, though broken, keep
The fragments of a heart !

c.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, AT COPENHAGEN.
New-York: WILLIAM JACKSON, 102 Broadway.

We have derived much pleasure from the examination, and partial perusal, of several valuable works, lately published by the above-named Society. The most important of these is the one entitled '*Antiquitates Americanæ*,' an imperial quarto volume, with eighteen maps and plates, the typographical execution of which it would be well for our own publishers more frequently to imitate.

In the leading article in the present number, the contents of this volume are given; from which it will be seen, that much light is thrown on the early history and discovery of America. It appears, also, that the knowledge of the previous Scandinavian discovery of America, preserved in Iceland, was probably communicated to Columbus, when he visited that island, in 1477. In his memoirs, written by his son, it is stated that he visited Iceland in that year. And although he may have heard the relations of the voyages of the Northmen to a distant and hitherto unknown country to the South-West, we do not think that the glory due to him for his great discovery is in the least degree impaired. These discoveries no doubt operated as incentives to prosecute still farther what had been made known, and to flatter him with a hope of prosecuting his voyage, uninterrupted, to the East Indies. For it appears that, until the discovery of the Western Ocean was made known, it was believed that the newly discovered lands were in reality the eastern portions of Asia, or some large islands little known to voyagers. The name given to the islands, of *Indies*, and to the natives, of *Indians*, will remain a perpetual memento of this belief. From the large work under review, we learn that the coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were well known to, and described by, the Scandinavians. Much pains have been taken to identify the places alluded to in the ancient sagas, the numerous papers relating to which are embraced in the work.

Whether John Cabot, before he undertook his voyage to America, had any knowledge of the Norwegian discoveries, is not known. But he undoubtedly had been informed of the discoveries of Columbus. He however discovered the continent about six weeks before Columbus discovered the main land in South America. In regard to the year of Cabot's discovery, there are different statements, and some mistakes, in modern compilers of American history, which ought to be rectified. The accounts in Holmes' *American Annals*, and in Marshall's *Life of Washington*, which have been copied into the *Histories for Schools*, by Willard, Hale, Goodrich, and Olney, are all, we believe, inaccurate. Fortified corrections of these errors, with important facts in relation to the general subject, are contained in a review of the '*American Annals*,' supposed to be from the pen of the veteran lexicographer, NOAH WEBSTER, which may be found in '*The Panoplist*' for January, 1836.

But to return. We are glad to learn that the Northern Society intend prosecuting their researches in this country, and have instituted a committee, under the title of

the 'Committee of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, on the Ante-Columbian History of America.' They intend following up the traces which have already been discovered; to examine other monuments and inscriptions, known to exist in North America; and to investigate the languages of the Aborigines, their manners, customs, etc. It is to be regretted, that these interesting subjects should not attract more attention in our own country, and that *foreign* societies should step forward to make these researches. They are deserving of great credit for the enterprise thus far manifested, which we trust will not abate; and we hope that our learned men will give them all the aid in their power toward effecting the object in view.

LEILA: OR THE SIEGE OF GRENADA. By the Author of 'Eugene Aram,' 'Rienzi,' etc. In one volume, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. The same, illustrated by fifteen Engravings. pp. 300. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

LIKE every production of Mr. BULWER, 'Leila' will be found to enchain the interest, and excite the imagination, of the reader; yet both, we have reason to believe, in a lesser degree than either of his more recent works. Indeed, the volume has struck us as having been hastily conceived, and as hurriedly executed. There is no lack of spirited dramatic action, and strong contrasts and effects are arranged and 'dashed in' with the hand of a master. Muza, the noble Moorish warrior, is a well-drawn character; and Bobadil, as an outline sketch, for it is nothing more, is another; but Leila, whether from the reason that we expected too much of her, or that the author has failed in making the character all he intended, has disappointed us. The father of the heroine is in the same category. He walks under a mist, and the author takes much pains, and a wide circuit with him, to startle us at last with a single display of his powers of necromance. There is a battle-scene, which will compare with the best efforts of the writer's pen; and throughout the volume, minor points, or collateral incidents, are not wanting, to keep alive the reader's attention. Yet the work has, in some measure, disappointed us. The scene and events chosen have been used before, and to better advantage. Irving's 'Conquest of Grenada,' upon the same ground, will live longer in the recollection, and impress the reader more favorably, than 'Leila.' The engravings of the Philadelphia edition are of a high order of art. They are from the English steel plates, engraved by eminent London artists. The letter-press, also, upon the finest white paper, is of rare excellence. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By HENRY VETHAKE, LL.D., of the University of Pennsylvania. One volume. pp. 400. Philadelphia: NICKLIN AND JOHNSON, Law Booksellers.

WE have examined this work with attention, and are surprised to find the ramified divisions of political economy so clearly expounded. As a popular lecturer, Prof. VETHAKE has ascertained, that 'it needs all we know to make things plain;' and this work seems to have been prepared under a proper appreciation of the adage. We are bound to thank our author, in an especial manner, for comprehending intellectual products under the terms of wealth and capital, and enforcing so ably his incontrovertible positions in this regard. We are left but space to commend the work to our readers, as a succinct exposition of an important science, in its various bearings, whose application to public affairs, and the transactions of private life, together with its moral relations, are clearly defined and set forth.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS, TOMB-STONE WAREHOUSES, ETC. — A subscriber and kind correspondent at Paris, in a recent letter, gives us two or three brief but graphic sketches of scenes in the French metropolis. We subjoin an extract, descriptive of the Parisian catacombs, and a manufactory of 'ready-made' tomb-stones: 'I have to-day, through the kindness of a distinguished French officer, been permitted access to the immense catacombs of Paris. After having reached the spot, I followed my guide, who was provided with flaring tapers, down a long flight of steps. At length, more than a hundred feet from the surface of the ground, we paused, and entered one of the low passages, leading to the catacombs. Passing along, we presently arrived at a small black door, over which was an inscription in Latin, '*This is the entrance to the Cavern of Death.*' How vast is its extent! Here the contents, long collecting, of various cemeteries of the metropolis have been deposited. As the door was closed behind me, a cold shudder crept over me, at the thought that I was shut up with three millions of skulls! They grin in ghastly horror on every side. *Here*, they repose in conical heaps, laid up like cannonballs in the navy-yard at Brooklyn; and *there*, stretching in long lines, tier after tier, and one above another, like bottles in an extensive wine-cellar. Mighty congress of the dead! — representatives from that dim and shadowy realm, the Past! Could they but speak — could each tell his 'story of a life' — what romance would compare with the varied recital! How many victims of ambition — how many votaries of pleasure — how many slaves to passion — how many wretched and oppressed! After tarrying for an hour or more in this awful Golgotha, I emerged to the day-light, feeling more intensely than I ever felt before, the common blessing of existence. Time seemed doubly precious to me, when I reflected that the forms I had left, had been wafted on the same tide that was bearing me on to eternity.' * * 'While I am on *grave* subjects, let me tell you of an incidental visit I paid the other day, with a friend, to a tomb-stone warehouse, in a northern suburb. It was a spacious 'shop,' filled with monuments in every variety of form and material, regularly arranged in order of age and character, and — do n't smile, but consider the gravity of the theme — already lettered with minute inscriptions, leaving blanks only for the name! It was amusing to hear the proprietor point out the various divisions: 'Those on the left, are for the 'men above forty'; the 'fathers of families above forty' are in the recess behind you,' etc. There is a large variety of engraved virtues, which are suited to all classes and professions of society. 'Friends in need,' with a small 'bill of particulars,' were numerous. 'Good husbands' were held at about ten dollars, and 'faithful wives' were equally cheap, there being a good assortment of both. 'Friends to the poor' were a large department, but 'virgins untimely cut off' were very dear. Poetical additions are paid for by the line, and exclamation points are extra! 'He lies like a tomb-stone!' says Pantaloon in the play; and to see such systematic laboratories of standing praise, as the one I have described, shows the comparison a good one. 'All are equal in the dust,' here, in the most literal sense of the phrase.'

As touching monuments and tomb-stones. There is not a little adroit satire in an anecdote of THEODORE HOOK, contained in a late London magazine. It illustrates that

speedy assuagement of grief which sometimes occurs, with the seemingly ultra affectionate, in this very curious world :

'One of our most eminent sculptors was applied to, some years since, by a Mrs. Gingham, the widow of an opulent tradesman, who had died exceedingly rich, to make a design for a monument to his memory. The lady, who was, as the poet has it, cursed with a taste, gave a description of the sort of monument she wished for, which was to consist of a group of figures: Fame was to appear sounding the reputation of the late Mr. Gingham, as an eminent linen-draper; Hibernia, with a piece of Irish cloth under her arm, was to lean on her stringless harp; while Britannia was to be represented embracing Mr. G., as he was seated in his armed chair, with an open piece of cambric muslin in his lap; while Liberty, standing behind him, displayed her *bonnet rouge* on a pole immediately over his head. Above these again were to be two or three naked, plump little boys, with wings, flying about as wild as swallows; and in the fore-ground were to be disposed several bales of goods, an anchor, a pile of cannon-balls, the rudder of a ship, and other suitable objects, calculated to convey a just idea of the extent of his business; while at his feet were to be seen kneeling his mourning widow and three children. On the right hand was to be a view of St. Paul's Cathedral, with palm-trees, pyramids, crocodiles, and cypresses in the distance. Startled by the elaborate description of the exemplary lady, the sculptor hinted that the execution of such a work would cost at least seven thousand pounds.

'A mere trifle to one who loved! said Mrs. G. 'Make the design.'

'The sculptor did make the design, and at the end of three months, the lady called again: she saw the beautiful sketch; and then said, she thought perhaps it might appear somewhat too ostentatious; that every body knew how extensive poor dear G.'s trade had been, and that perhaps the single figure sitting alone would be better, under all the circumstances: the fore-ground might be relieved with certain emblems, etc.; but she wished the sculptor to reduce the design to the cost of about two thousand pounds.

'The artist again did as she desired, and her late husband was represented, G. by himself, G., in the same armed chair; Hibernia had left her stringless harp in one corner; Britannia had posed her shield in the other; Fame had left her trumpet on one side of his seat, and Liberty had placed the pole, with her cap upon it, behind it; the figures had taken their departure, but the emblems remained.

'Three months more elapsed, and the widow came again. Again she admired the design: 'But would it not be better to adopt a little sketch which her friend Mr. Hobkirk had made; merely a tablet — and an inscription — quite plain?'

'Hereabout the sculptor lost all patience, and doing a violence to his naturally kind feelings, entreated the lady to transfer her favors to the first stone-mason she might meet with, who would no doubt be too happy to receive fifty pounds for embodying her young friend's ideas.'

It may perhaps be superfluous to add, that Mrs. Gingham became Mrs. Hobkirk, long before the tablet was begun, and that the lamented linen-draper measures his length in the parish church to this day, unhonored and unrecorded.

IMPROVED ALPHABET. — We have examined, with some attention, the characters for an alphabet, sent us by a correspondent, and perused his remarks. The subject demands a few words in reply. Within two or three hundred years, many attempts have been made to form and introduce a perfect or more complete alphabet than that which is now used. This has been proposed and attempted in England; Dr. Franklin attempted it in this country, as well as in England; and more recently, three or four plans have been suggested in this country. But all schemes of this kind have failed. From the experience we have already had, and from the intrinsic difficulties of the plan, we are of opinion that a new alphabet *cannot* be introduced; and if any improvements in the alphabet *could* be introduced, no scheme that we have yet seen is well adapted to the purpose. Were a perfect philosophical alphabet to be formed, many of the characters now used would be as well adapted to the purpose as any others which can be invented. The Latin characters we now use, are, in our judgment, the best letters which have been formed. They consist of straight lines, or easy curves, with few sharp corners, and no involutions, or irregularities of form. They are more easily made with a pen, and less painful to the eye, than any other characters we have ever seen. No consideration should induce us to lay them aside, and substitute others. Their extensive use is another objection to change.

The introduction of entirely new characters would render useless all the books now printed, and all the types now used. Such a change as this is not practicable; and if

it were practicable, it is doubtful whether it would be expedient. The advantages would scarcely repay the expense, or compensate for the immense trouble which the change would require. Some corrections of English orthography, which would be nothing more than restoring the ancient and true spelling, or rejecting a few superfluous letters, in conformity with analogies, and with the pronunciation, and a few points to note distinctions of sound, would render the acquisition of the English language very easy, without any new characters to offend the eye. Any alteration which gives much offence to the eye, will naturally be rejected.

'ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME.'—Ten to one, reader, that you never pored over the time-honored pages of quaint PHILLIP STUBBS; that you never surveyed his 'Anatomic of Abuses,' wherein he denounces, in a *catalogue raisonné* of the vices and gayeties of his age, the pomps and vanities of the great Babel, in 1585. We therefore consider your hapless case, and will help you to a sample of his matter and manner. After demurring against the 'confuse mingle-mangle of apparell, and the preposterous excesse thereof,' which then prevailed, whereby it was difficult to know gentle from simple—'all whiche, he says, 'I coumpt a great confusyon'—he proceeds to particulars, beginning with the hat, the fashion of which seems to have been *rather* more various at that remote period than now:

'Sometymes they use them sharpe on the croune, pearking up like the spire or shaft of a steeple, standynge up a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heades, some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstante mindes. Other some be flat, and broad in the croune, like the battlementes of a house. Another sorte have round crounes, sometymes with one kind of bande, sometimes with another; now blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now grene, now yellow; now this, now that; never content with one colour or fashion two daies to an ende. And thus in vanitie they spend the Lorde his treasure, consumynge their golden yerres and silver daies in wickednesse and sinne. And as the fashions be rare and straunge, so is the stuffe whereof their hattes be made, divers also; for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffetic, some of sarcenet, some of wooll, and which is more curious, some of a certain kind of fine haire. These they call *bener* hattes, of twenty, thirtye, or fortye shillings price, fetched from beyonde the seas, from whence a great sorte of other vanities doe come besides: and so common a thing it is, that everie serving man, contrieman, and other, even all indifferently, dooe weare of these hattes: for he is of no account, or estimation amongst men, if he have not a velvet or taffatie hatte; and that must be pincked, and cunningly carved of the beste fashion. And some are not content, without a greate bunche of feathers, of divers and sundrie colours, peakynge on top of their heades.'

He passes down to the neck, and is kindled to tenfold rage, as he comes in contact with the manifold abominations of the *ruff*, and its diabolical auxiliary, *starch*. Hear him:

'They have great and monstrous ruffles, made either of cambricke, holland, lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yarde deepe; yea, some more, very few lesse; so that they stande a full quarter of a yarde (and more) from their neckes, hanging over their shoulder-points, instead of a vaile. But if *Eolus* with his blasts, or *Neptune* with his storms, chauce to hit upon the crazie barke of their bruised ruffles, then they goeth flip-flap in the winde, like ragges that flow abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dish-cloute of a slut. But, wot you what? The devil, as he, in the fullnesse of his malice, first invented these great ruffles, so hath he now found out also two great pillars to beare up and maintaine this his kyngdome of great ruffles, (for the devil is kyng and prince over all the children of pride.) The one arche or pillar, whereby his kyngdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call *starch*, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dive their ruffles well; which beyng drie, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. The other pillar is a certaine device made of wiers, crested for the purpose, whipped over either with gold, thred, silver, or silke; and this he calleth a supportasse, or underpropper.'

Take this description with you, reader, into some gallery of old portraits—such 'undoubted originals' as are multiplied abroad, (like Goldsmith's petrified lobsters,) for the New-York market—and mark with what ludicrous faithfulness the picture is drawn. But do not sneer with the satirical STUBBS; because thirty years may not elapse, before your own dress shall be looked back upon with scarcely less disfavor and contempt 'The fashion of this world passeth away!'

BYRON. — We have been gratified to perceive the applause which has been bestowed upon Mr. SIMMONS' lecture on the 'Poetry of BYRON,' before a crowded and delighted audience, at the hall of the Mercantile Library Association. It was admirable in every sense; and its delivery, it is unnecessary to add, was perfect. The lecturer regarded Byron as having been, more emphatically than any of his contemporaries, the poet of the age and of the people; more a cosmopolite in his spirit; presenting scenes, images, and contemplations, of a more universal interest; not addressing the sympathies or tastes of any particular class, temperament, or neighborhood, but dealing with the common mind of man. In these respects, the lecturer instituted a comparison between 'Childe Harold' and the poetry of Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Campbell, Moore, and Wordsworth. In the extent and variety of scenes, and the amount of observation on men and manners, he placed Childe Harold side by side with the *Odyssey* of Homer. The dissimilarity, however, of the ancient and the modern poet, in their descriptions of artificial objects, and of natural scenery, was very strikingly developed, and philosophically accounted for. The principal faults, in the style of Childe Harold, were occasional prolixity, over-statement or exaggeration, and frequent egotism. On these points, especially the last, the lecturer commented with candid severity. He charged, however, a more subtle form of egotism on such poets as Coleridge and Wordsworth, Hunt and Keats, who so completely infuse their own very peculiar idiosyncrasies into every fibre of their compositions, that these can be fully appreciated only by readers of their own temperament and tastes; so that much of their poetry must ever be insignificant to the ardent, the energetic, and the occupied.

With Mr. SIMMONS' views of the *spirit* of Byron's poetry, we fully agree. We think them generous and manly. The ultra rigid, howbeit, may have deemed them too indulgent. He traced back the misanthropy, the scepticism, and the voluptuousness, that occasionally sully our poet's page, to certain elements in his temper, which combined to inspire him with 'a perverse spirit of nonconformity, and a delight in defying the frown of a harsh or hypocritical morality, and subduing its professors, in their own despite, by the laughing sweetness of his strain.' 'So far,' said the lecturer, in substance, 'as this spirit may have induced him to represent the gratification of the senses as the highest good, or to encourage a voluptuousness of the heart, by stimulating our sensibility to material beauty, without rousing those energies of the soul which alone can direct that sensibility aright, the fault carries its punishment with it; for such a spirit can be entertained by none but an unhappy man, and embodied on none but a perishing page.' Mr. SIMMONS made it appear, however, that much that had been objected to, among Byron's gayeties, was written with no other view than to expose that *cant*, which the poet so frequently pronounced to be the besetting sin of the times. After a brief analysis of Byron's poetic genius, intellectually considered, the lecturer closed with a very touching allusion to his zeal and self-sacrifice in the cause of Grecian freedom; and with the quotation of a noble passage from Walter Scott, written on hearing the news of Byron's death.

'LETTERS FROM ROME.' — Our readers, we are sure, will share our gratification, in the perusal of another series of Letters from the popular author of the 'Letters from Palmyra.' They will form, in some sort, a sequel to those well-known papers, and will be found to possess, as they proceed, we have reason to believe, an equal, or if possible a superior interest. They will bring back, we may judge as well from the scene and era chosen as from the ability of the writer, with vivid distinctness, the long-vanished Past. There will be heard 'the voice of Time disparting towers;' and the mighty events which are now buried 'in the dark backward and abysm of years,' will be bared, like the splendors of Palmyra, to the eye of the Present. But enough for conjecture. We shall see anon.

'LA PETITE AUGUSTA.' — Crowded as we are for space, we yet cannot resist the inclination to devote a few lines to the expression of an opinion, touching the merits of this extraordinary little girl — a mere child of twelve years. Graceful, lithe, and fairy-like, yet firm in her step, and ripe in her execution, she has won at once a high reputation as a finished artiste. With an expressive and handsome countenance, finely-moulded limbs, and such richness of early talent, what may not be expected of her, when she shall have returned from abroad, with the advantages of study, under the best masters and mistresses of her art? The delighted audiences who have attended her recent performances at the Park, can realize what such improvement will effect, in one so præeminently promising.

LITERARY RECORD.

'THE MOTLEY BOOK.' — Our deceased friend, 'BEN. SMITH,' whose funeral obsequies were celebrated in these pages many months since, comes before the public again in 'The Motley Book' — much to our surprise, of course; since, as SCOTT said to his wife, if he was not dead, his friends treated him very wrongfully in burying him. The work will consist of a series of tales and sketches, intended to represent what is humorous and touching in life and character; and its professed object is, to 'while away a dull hour, to cheer a doubting or despondent heart, and to prove that the world is not yet turned into a moping, melancholy pageant.' Mr. SMITH has a tolerable eye for the burlesque and the humorous; but generally, in his lighter sketches, his canvass is quite too crowded; and a sense of *vagueness* — of something sometimes sufficiently droll, it may be, but still always shadowy and in patches — detracts from the merit of his humorous performances. Let him curb his fancy somewhat, when it is most disposed to curvet and rollick, if he desire to gain or retain his reader's remembrance and admiration. 'Pickwick,' for example, is inimitable in its humor; but that humor is never confused, nor frittered away in elevating trifles, unless they are effectively accessory to the writer's purpose. The 'Potters' Field' is not ill conceived. It has a touch of the German spirit, with something Radcliffeian in language; and it brings collateral satire to bear upon certain abuses of the cold and heartless present. The 'Motley Book' is illustrated by three engravings on wood, and the whole is creditable in externals. JAMES TURNER, Jr., Gold-street.

'THE NEW-YORKER.' — The fifth volume of this widely-circulated weekly journal will commence on the 24th instant. The favorable opinion which we have heretofore expressed of this periodical, has been enhanced by its increasing merit. Its literary articles, original and selected, evince talent and good taste, its editorial department great industry and sound judgment, and its criticisms, discrimination and fearless candor. Its professed political aims are, to exhibit the views of all parties and sects, as set forth by their leaders and oracles. PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., Editor of the 'American Monthly Magazine,' has recently assumed the supervision of the literary department. There is a city and foreign department, under the charge of Dr. ELDRIDGE, a competent co-laborer with MESSRS. GRELEY and BENJAMIN, in the editorial conduct of the work. We cordially wish the 'New-Yorker' that support, to which it presents undeniable claims, and which it has secured, to an almost unexampled extent.

PORTRAIT OF OSCEOLA. — A full length likeness of OSCEOLA, drawn on stone by one of our first artists, will soon be published. The sketch was taken in May last, from life, by Capt. J. R. VINTON, of the United States' Army, and includes a view of the *locale*, Lake Monroe and the adjacent scenery. It is a striking portrait of the renowned warrior, while in full health and vigor. It will be executed upon fine India paper, in the first style of the art, and with an appropriate margin for binding. New-York: WILLIAM W. HOOPER, engraver, 126 Nassau-street.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE, for the February quarter, has just been published. It is a full and varied number. The contents embrace, among other things, the singular story of a lady in New-Hampshire, who, after having beheld an exhibition of the aurora borealis, 'gave out lambent glories' for the space of two months, from the extremities of her person, in the shape of electric sparks; and a report of a well-known trial for murder, in Massachusetts, by means of abortion. There are descriptions, moreover, of some splendid funguses, several admirable tumors, one or two pleasing 'issues,' and a beautiful case of 'infantine monstrosity,' of which we perceive our charming bard, O. W. HOLMES, Esq., with characteristic (professional, not poetical,) enthusiasm, has secured a cast. Delightful reading, especially to the uninitiated, are the 'General Therapeutics;' but, beside these and the other attractive subjects we have mentioned, we were chiefly interested in the treatises on ophthalmology, toxicology, staphylophory, and ankylosis—not forgetting the pleasant miscellaneous matter, (we trust we are understood,) in the 'Quarterly Periscope,' or medical 'Editor's Table,' whereon many subjects are cut up with great coolness and evident discrimination. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'THE GREAT METROPOLIS.'—A second series of the 'Great Metropolis,' by the author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons,' has just been issued, in two volumes, by Messrs. E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. The first of these volumes is much the most novel and entertaining. 'Almacks,' that tyrannical congress of metropolitan 'society'-dealers, is here laid open, in all its ramified details; there is a chapter upon parties and politics; literature, authors, and publishers, furnish themes for two more divisions; and the Bank of England, with its diversified objects of interest, forms the subject of another. A history of, and scenes at, the Stock and Royal Exchanges, and sketches of the Old bailey and Newgate prisons, with some very hard reading under the caption of 'Penny-a-Liners,' complete the second volume. The wit and pathos of the prison portions of the work are labored and feeble; and both are hacknied, withal. For the rest, there is much of entertaining information embraced, in a book-making way; that is, a large piece of bread is covered with a small piece of butter. The style is loose and gossiping, but perhaps it will not be the less attractive on this account, to the general reader.

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.—We have looked over the sheets of a neat pamphlet, from the pen of a resident Virginian, now passing through the press, entitled 'A Defence of the Character of THOMAS JEFFERSON, against a writer in the 'New-York Review.' After animadverting with much severity upon the character and spirit of the article in the review, as well as upon the precepts and practice of the supposed author, the writer proceeds to notice, *seriatim*, the various charges against Mr. JEFFERSON; as his religious opinions, attempts at proselytism, perversions in his 'Ana,' authorship of the Declaration of Independence, etc. The whole concludes with a summary of Mr. JEFFERSON's public acts, and a few reflections upon his life and character. The pamphlet will soon be published.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—A new volume of this periodical commenced in January last, with increased attractions, both in a literary and external point of view. The editor, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., is the capable pilot at the helm, and under him is a 'branch' adjunct, in the person of Mr. ROBERT WALSH, Jr., of Philadelphia, (son of the sometime editor of the American Quarterly Review, and 'National Gazette' newspaper, now abroad,) of whom report speaks favorably. Imbued with the proper American spirit, in relation to our literary interests and repute, rendered entertaining by good contributors, and valuable from unbiassed critical and competent editorial direction, we cannot choose but solicit for the work the patronage which its merits demand, and should secure, and to wish for it a prosperous and useful longevity.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. — A large and very handsome volume, with numerous illustrations by SAM WELLER, JR., and ALFRED CROWQUILL, recently published by Messrs. CAREY, LEA and BLANCHARD, contains all the 'papers' connected with the life and times of that renowned old twaddler, 'SAMUEL PICKWICK, Esq., G. C., M. P. C.' But what an incarnation of benevolence was he, and what a very clever servant that was of his — young Mr. WELLER! Oh, quite so! Mr. TURNEY, Gold-street, has issued a similar edition, but upon a larger type, and with more numerous, and in some instances better, engravings, fac similes of the London edition. WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. — We have examined a specimen or 'order' copy of a new London edition of CAMPBELL's poems, admirably illustrated, (after the manner of the English issue of ROGERS' 'Italy,') by numerous engravings in the best style of the art. Two or three poems, never before published, will appear in the work. One of these is given in preceding pages of our present number. We cannot doubt that when the splendid volume in question shall have been published in this country, it will command an extensive sale. How indeed should it be otherwise?

THE 'REJECTED ADDRESSES.' — Why is not this admirable work reprinted, and 'Warreniana' along with it? Both are as rich as they are rare. We have had numerous inquiries for the former, but it is not to be obtained. A friend writes us from Buffalo, in this state: 'I possessed, some eighteen years since, a copy of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and lost it by casualty. I have been ever since seeking it, in vain; nor have I seen, in all that time, an extract made from its pages, until I saw yours. I heard of a copy in a private library in Vermont, and commissioned a friend to procure it for me, but as yet without success.'

NEW WORKS. — The BROTHERS HARPER have published, in one volume, with illustrations by CRUIKSHANK, FIELDING'S 'AMELIA.' Good wine needs no bush. The same publishers will issue, in the course of the present month, 'Scenery of the Heavens,' by our correspondent, Dr. DICK, of Scotland; Rev. Dr. FISK's Travels in Europe; 'The Monk of Cimiez,' by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and 'Cromwell,' by the popular author of 'The Brothers.'

THE NEW-YORK DAILY WHIG and 'MORNING CHRONICLE' are two diurnals, of the smaller class, which deserve mention and praise, for literary and other merits. Mr. DAWES, of the former, is a fine poet, a ripe scholar, and an able prose-writer; and the last named journal, aside from its claims as a literary vehicle, is the most perfect specimen of newspaper typography we have ever seen.

THE ALBION. — This excellent literary journal commenced its sixth volume, of the new series, on the first Saturday in January. The two plates of the 'New Houses of Parliament,' and Miss ELLEN TREE, to which we have heretofore referred, have been retouched by the artist, and together with a new one, of equal merit, will be included in the numbers forwarded to new subscribers.

'MULTUM IN PARVO.' — Messrs. E. L. CAREY AND A. HART have issued, in two very handsome and corpulent volumes, the COMPLETE WORKS of Captain MARRYAT and LADY BLESSINGTON. Fine portraits of each author embellish the volumes.

THE DRAMA. — The dramatic notices for the last month, with much other matter, prepared for the present number, are bidden, by inexorable Necessity, to bide their time. Mr. WALLACK certainly deserves the praise so liberally bestowed by our correspondent; for better scenery, a better company, and better acting, are not to be found hereabout, than at the National Theatre. And equally just is the critique of 'C.' upon the 'Love Chase,' as performed at the Park; since its involutions, convolutions, inversions, and affectations of quaintness, where plain prose is alone the raw matériel, deserved 'showing up.' Yet are we compelled to omit both these articles, 'and nameless numbers moe.'

*** THE poetical favors of three or four valued correspondents, some of which are in type, have presented accidental barriers to insertion. 'King Christian,' 'Marks of Time,' and 'Our Wedding-Days,' will appear in the April number.